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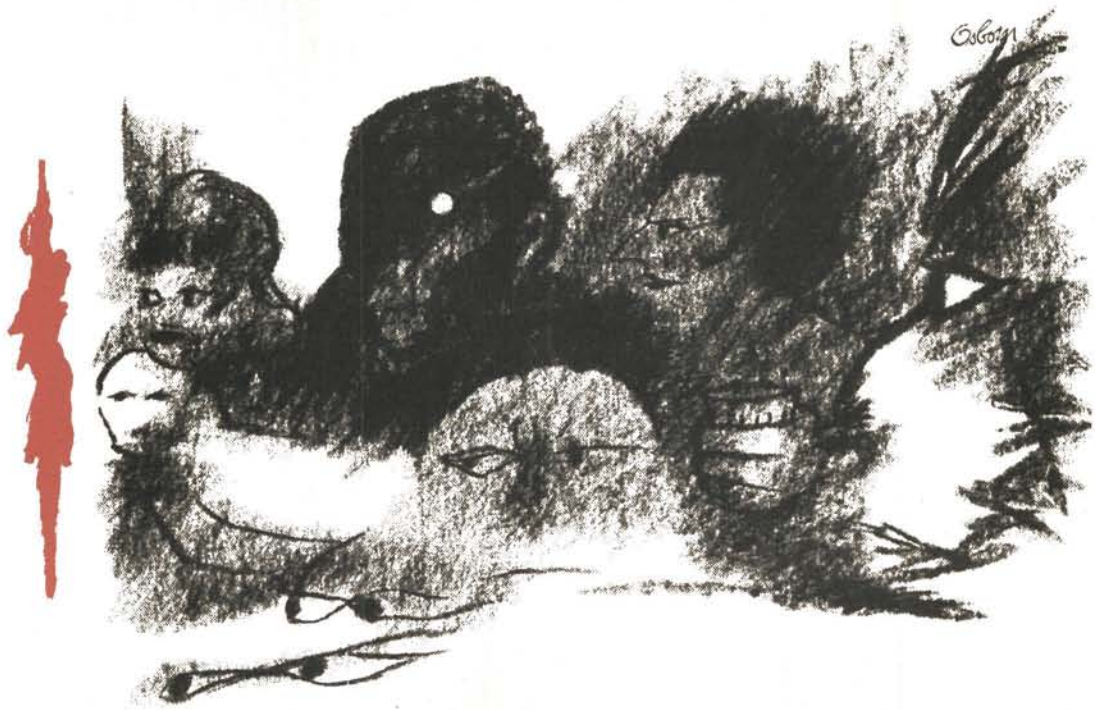

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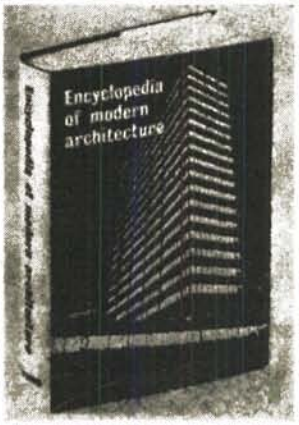

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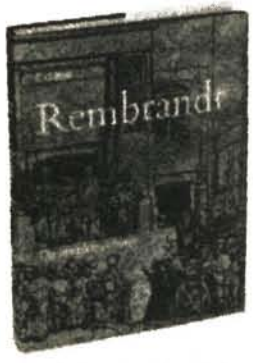

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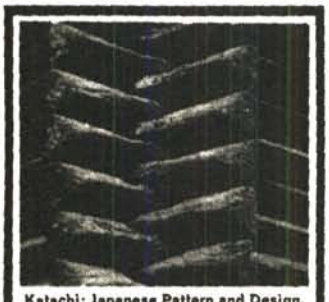

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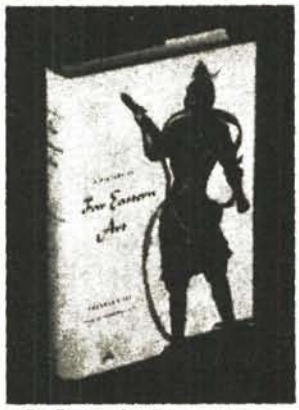

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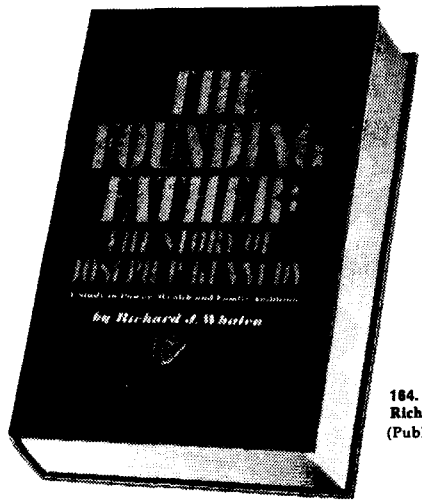

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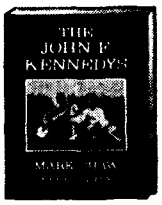

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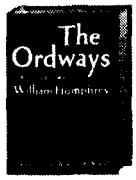

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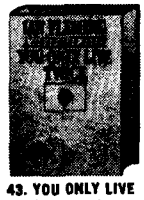

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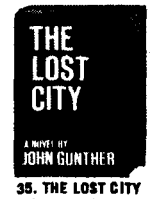

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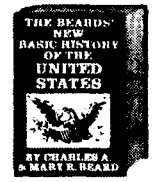

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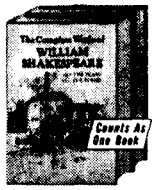

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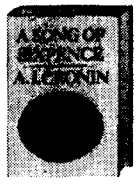

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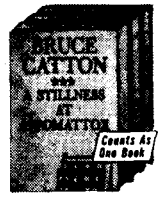

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Don't Scoff at "Politicians"

★ One hundred years ago this week Lincoln came out on the steps of the Capitol, gave his Second Inaugural ("With malice toward none; with charity for all") and was dead in six weeks. A classic – ? The *NY Herald* called it "a little speech of glittering generalities put in to fill up the program, nothing more." (The London *Times*, earlier, dismissed the Gettysburg address as "dull and commonplace.") Politicians must die to be great.

Let us pause a minute, and consider dead heroes. Lincoln's death was fairly predictable. Passions were high, life cheap, everybody went armed. Lincoln was barely guarded and had twice had his hat shot off. Because he died quickly he became a legend at once. (Churchill's latter life, by contrast, was anticlimactic.)

Lincoln and Churchill both infused an age with their spirit. Churchill gave the lion's roar that saved England; it was the measure of Lincoln's harder task that he could not roar against fellow Americans. He must look to unity beyond the war. Not once in four years did he attack Southern people.

Churchill's England was cohesive and disciplined; it fought for survival against a foreign invader. Lincoln's America fought only for an abstraction; the bloody struggle could be called off any time – overnight. Lincoln's task was like a man driving bulls; he must use devices that taxed every bit of his superb political skill. His authority hung by a thread.

Consider these things as you look over modern Washington, and never scoff at politicians! Before Lincoln was a legend, he was a politician. Not since Jackson, 32 years before, had a President been re-elected; in 1864 most top Republicans, and most Northern newspapers, opposed his second term. He won in spite of this, but New York City voted two-to-one for McClellan, and a shift of two percent in the big states would have defeated him.

He cut constitutional corners, suppressed free speech, used patronage to the hilt. Politics then was dirtier, more rugged, than now. Yet basically it was the same Washington. Take one instance. The *NY Herald* was the dominant paper; publisher James Gordon Bennett, witty, unscrupulous, immoral, wanted respectability. Lincoln wanted support. Their emissaries met. Nice people held their noses at Bennett; would the President receive the publisher socially? Would he give him news tidbits? A vigorous "yes" went back; further, Lincoln would name the unqualified Bennett minister to France! Gratified, the *Herald's* attitude changed.

Lincoln used every tool at his command. He went to Gettysburg because a lot of governors would be there whose election support he needed; the speech was a side issue.

This was Lincoln the man 100 years ago; just before he became the legend. He was quite complex. Like Churchill, but in a different way, he mobilized the English language and sent it into battle. Not in a lion's roar, but to make the common people understand why they were carrying such agonies. His words were simple but had a burning quality; some spectacled old printer, setting type on a village flat press, wiped his eyes over the Gettysburg address which the *Times* of London could not understand, and knew what democracy meant.

There was taste and delicacy, too. The letter to Mrs. Bixby over the death of her five sons could have made a juicy campaign gambit: Lincoln used political devices but not this; he waited and did not send it till after the election was over.

Each nation makes its own folk hero as it makes its own God. Richmond fell April 3; Lee surrendered April 9; Lincoln died April 15. Then followed deification.

But because the man and the legend never quite meet is no cause for alarm. All the decent things that Americans most seek they have given to Lincoln. He is what they most want to be. The insolent motor car and the bawling commercial are not the full story. We have given our folk hero humor and wisdom, dignity and compassion, friendliness and tolerance. Lincoln was the man of his century, and he still is a presence in Washington.

Vietnam Negotiations?

★ Well, to come back to more immediate things, the dilemma of Vietnam deepens. We assume Mr. Johnson is as eager as most people for reasonable negotiation. We assume this, but don't know. The President is entitled to hold his cards close to his chest in war time. But with issues as great as these we think his communication with the public is dangerously inadequate. It comes fitfully through Press Secretary George Reedy (who never seems to have his complete confidence) or through news percolation – information leaked anonymously via favorite correspondents. One thing is unique; we never have seen the rest of the bewildered Washington press corps weigh certain news columns so feverishly.

Somehow or other anything that Harvard economist Galbraith says is entertaining, and nearly always instructive. He wants more federal social spending and less tax cutting. What is the advantage, he asked a congressional hearing here last week, "in having a few more dollars to spend if the air is too dirty to breathe, the water too polluted to drink, the commuters are losing the struggle to get in and out of our cities, the streets are filthy and the schools so bad that the young, perhaps wisely, stay away, and hoodlums roll citizens for some of the dollars they saved in taxes?"

As to limiting a "Kansas schoolteacher" to "50 bucks" of free purchases on her summer trip, to meet the exchange crisis, Galbraith says that as a matter of "elementary equity" we should first rather tax the non-working "wealthy expatriate" 25 percent on dollar sources, to drive him back to the domestic rigors of "Palm Beach, Newport, Westchester, Park Avenue and other admittedly inadequate but still tolerable precincts."

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Abolish It

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The House Committee on Un-American Activities was born of a blunder, and its 20-year progress has been worthy of the mistake. On opening day in 1945, Representative Adolph J. Sabath, who was getting on in years, forgot to employ a simple parliamentary device which would have forestalled Representative John Rankin's furious campaign to make the Committee permanent. Rankin's attempt failed on the first division, but passed on a roll-call vote. John McCormack of Massachusetts spoke passionately against establishing the only permanent investigative committee in the history of the Congress. "Mark what we are doing," he warned the House. McCormack may continue to entertain doubts, but he long ago ceased to warn his colleagues. Rankin and his successors knew how to bully Congressmen when it came to a call of the roll. "I can tell you now this Committee is going after those un-American elements, in the House or elsewhere," he snarled during a debate in 1946, the last serious attempt to disband the group. There were 81 votes against an appropriation that year (including that of Representative Lyndon Baines Johnson), and it was the high-water mark of opposition. In the McCarthy era, the Committee enjoyed virtually inviolable power. Then, slowly, its excesses began to take some small toll; the case for abolition has gained wider support each year. In the last session, 20 out of 435 Representatives voted to deny funds for the Committee. Last week, in the most vigorous attempt in two decades to impede, if not remove the Committee's operation, 58 members of the House voted to recommit the $370,000 appropriation request for hearings on the Committee's future. The gesture was brave, but unequal to the power of those who either agree with, or are intimidated by the investigators. But it may be that the Committee will drop of old age before it can be killed by its enemies. The decline of public paranoia about internal security, increasingly violent opposition to the Committee's methods (beginning with "Operation Abolition" in San Francisco) and the gradual liberalization of the House have served to underscore the Committee's uselessness; despite its thousands of exposés, it has reported three bills in 20 years which have become law. The recommendations of Congressman Charles Weltner of Georgia, the current representative of the modern world on the Committee, to investigate the Ku Klux Klan and the ultra-right may have undermined whatever plans are afoot in the opposite direction. But the proper objective is to abolish the Committee, not extend its agenda.

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Nazi Crimes and the Statute of Limitations

Next week, the West German parliament is expected to go ahead with extending beyond May 8 the 20-year statute of limitations on prosecutions of wartime Nazi murderers. When a similar statute covering crimes of manslaughter was due to expire in May, 1960, the government refused to act. "The German people have already done the best possible to prosecute the crimes of the Nazi time," Justice Minister Fritz Schaeffer then said. Today's Minister, Ewald Bucher, echoes that view. Only 150 known Nazi murderers are still at large, he claims, and since proceedings already have been started against them, they can be brought to justice even if they turn up after the May 8 deadline. The 150 figure is disputable. Some officials insist there are 30,000 to 35,000 former Nazis whose crimes and identities are not yet known. And at least half of these, they argue, would be convicted if brought to trial.

From my observation in West Germany recently, it makes little difference to the Germans themselves whether the figure is in the hundreds or the thousands. For them the question is not how many, but how long. The majority of Chancellor Erhard's cabinet said 20 years is long enough and the statute of limitations should be allowed to expire. Sixty-three percent of all West German men and 76 percent of all West German women agreed. But many uneasy members of Parliament favor extending the statute another 10 years. How, they ask, could this statute have been valid law, as it says it was, between May, 1945, and September, 1949, when there was no Germany and no enforceable German law? Only after September 21, 1949, when the Federal Republic was founded, could the 20-year period legally begin.

Others carry this line of argument a step further, pointing out that the Republic was not sovereign even after 1949, because in the treaty setting it up the Allies had reserved the right "to assume in whole or in part the exercise of full authority" if they considered that to do so was "essential to security or to preserve democratic government in Germany." Therefore, May, 1952, the date when the Allied High Commission was abolished and the occupation declared ended, should be made the statute's starting date.

A third group points out that although the Allies ended the occupation, they retained the right to intervene in West Germany's foreign affairs. Thus, not until May, 1955, when this right was relinquished and the Bonn government became completely independent, could German laws be considered wholly operative.

Shortly after the war, the chief US prosecutor at Nuremberg, Justice Robert H. Jackson, told the Germans that they as a whole would not be forced to accept guilt for the crimes of the Nazis: "We know that the Nazi party was not put in power by a majority of the German vote." But the trial Justice Jackson spoke at was only the first of thousands to follow. Between 1945 and 1965, the Russians sentenced an estimated 10,000 Nazi criminals in East Germany. Allied and West German courts sentenced more than 10,400 others for crimes committed on West German soil. Of the total, the Allies convicted 5,026 before turning over the responsibility for the trials to the Germans in 1949. The Germans then sentenced 5,445 more.

The denazification laws were enacted soon after the war crimes trials began. As interpreted in the American zone, these laws were intended not primarily to punish, but rather to remove from leadership any and all Germans who had taken a leading role in the Nazi conspiracy. All holders of a certain rank in Nazi party organizations were to be automatically arrested and made ineligible for office of any kind. Smaller-fry party members were to be purged from all but menial labor. Thirteen million German adults were registered under denazification law in the American zone alone. Of these, 3.7 million were found to be chargeable and 3.5 million were actually tried. Before the process was finally discontinued, 1,549 Germans had been classified as major offenders, 21,000 as offenders, 104,000 as lesser offenders and 475,000 as followers. More than a half million were fined, 122,000 had restrictions placed on their employment, 25,000 were subject to

No Tanks

Jews are on the West German mind lately for reasons other than the crimes of Hitlerism. It has been disclosed that last June, after Russia supplied Egypt with heavy Soviet tanks, Israeli Prime Minister Eshkol sought to purchase M-48 tanks from the US. President Johnson apparently approved. The Pentagon had a clever thought. Why not have Bonn send its old M-48 tanks to Israel, replacing them with newer American models? This artful arrangement would divert the wrath of the Arabs from Washington, as well as augment US export sales. The West Germans fell in with the scheme, until Nasser threatened to recognize East Germany. Then Bonn reneged and cancelled its deal with the Israelis.

As a footnote, at the time Eshkol was in Washington last summer, an American shipload of 42 M-48 tanks was on its way to Jordan, which has a long frontier with Israel and frequently threatens to cross it in order to wipe out the Jews.

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property confiscation, 22,000 declared ineligible to hold public office, and 30,000 required to perform special labor. Thousands of others, suspected of crimes they ultimately were found innocent of, spent long periods in prison while the occupation authorities struggled to get through the staggering number of cases.

All the Nazis criminals have not been caught; nor are they likely to be. Many former Nazis have managed to filter back into responsible positions; Jewish cemeteries have been defaced; anti-Semitic speeches have been made. But these have been the glaring exceptions, and public reaction to them has been intensely hostile. The Germans do not claim they have earned the right to forget, only the right not to be forced to remember.

Jeffrey Paley

Mr. Paley *writes for the European edition of* The New York Herald Tribune.

FELIX FRANKFURTER *1882-1965*

Since the beginning, nearly 100 men have been Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. Of these, a dozen – no more – have made their mark, so that their distinctive work is part of the American Constitution. Among the moderns, excluding any still sitting, one counts Brandeis, Holmes, perhaps Hughes, perhaps Stone, possibly Cardozo, and certainly Felix Frankfurter. His voice will be heard, and he will influence political thought so long as there is a Supreme Court and so long as men are concerned to make their actions fit the American constitutional tradition.

The judging, no doubt, was his most enduring work, his sure claim to permanence. But the 23 years on the Supreme Court (January, 1939-August, 1962) followed upon 30-odd years of government service, teaching, scholarship, journalism and politics. When he was called to a professorship at the Harvard Law School in 1914, Mr. Frankfurter was already a public figure of considerable note, having served two Presidents. He then rose to important positions in the First World War under Wilson. He was at Versailles. He it was, as much as any single man, who threw the country into a turmoil over Sacco and Vanzetti. He fought his heart out for Al Smith in 1928. And there can be, of course, no histories of the New Deal that fail to take account of him. All the while he taught, furiously and effectively, at Harvard, and produced scholarly books and articles and a torrent of journalism, not to speak of letters to the editor. He was a contributor to this journal from the day of its founding, and its friend to the day of his death.

There is a bird, it is said, that flies at a normal body temperature of upward of 200 degrees Fahrenheit. Something of the intensity that this temperature suggests there was about the way Felix Frankfurter lived. At any given moment, he thought more thoughts, loved more loves, felt more outrages than anyone else. There never was a man so quick to understand, so ready to contradict, so warm in sympathy and so warm in anger, so indulgent of the frailties of others and so intolerant of them, so patient and so restless, so gentle and so brusque. There never was such a listener and such a talker, such a verbal fencer and such a lover of music. There never was such laughter and such intellectual rigor, such skill at politics and such moral rectitude. And above all there never was such a friend.

Young or old, whoever was touched by the friendship of Felix Frankfurter was affected forever. He was a hero worshipper who transformed all those he worshipped into real heroes. Friendship with Felix Frankfurter was a romance. It made everything worthier and handsomer, including the friend. But there were these differences. The private, hard judgment of Frankfurter himself was never finally beguiled. And the friend, drawn out, encouraged, beseeched, charmed, wheedled, needled and finally driven by the canniest of teachers operating on the simple, unadorned premise that there is, after all, something in everybody – the friend actually became a little worthier and a little handsomer than he could ever otherwise have been.

What a career it was! The academy and the world of affairs, the drawing-room and the courtroom, the law journals and the journals of opinion. It was a triumph of intellect, of engagement, of vitality, of charm. It was built on all these, but above all on purity of motive, on integrity and courage. An audience of high-school students could frighten him, but nothing else did. Not Theodore Roosevelt on the patriotic warpath in his last unedifying days, not A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard, not Pat McCarran of the Senate and not a thousand Joe McCarthys and all their works. He was afraid neither for himself nor for the country and the institutions that he deeply loved. He was, as Alvin Johnson said of Brandeis, an "implacable democrat," secure in his faith.

Alexander M. Bickel

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Boston's South End

Land of the White Hunter

by Joan Colebrook

The area is sometimes known as "Momma-land," or obversely, as the land frequented by the "White Hunter." Historically, Boston has called it the South End. Geographically, it is bounded by Castle Street, Albany Street, Northampton Street and the old bed of the New York, New Haven and Hartford. Once it was an elite area. Today, although it holds within its shabby embrace many respectable families, and although the bulldozers are ploughing up some of the worst tenements, it is a top-flight Boston slum, the center of the city's colored vice (now extended toward the Back Bay), a network of streets and alleys interpenetrated by pathology.

One might compare what goes on with the rise and fall of a tide. At certain hours the water is low. Parents get up, send their children to school, go off to work themselves. Mothers meet for coffee. Housewives market. Legitimate business operates. Social workers, clergymen, real estate dealers, urban renewal officials, gather to consider the "strategy of change," and to expatiate upon "strengthening the community." But toward the end of the day legitimate life ebbs away, locks its doors, retires into neighborhood meetings, or goes home to other parts of the city. And then the bars and dens come alive. Cars cruise the dark streets, some of them surprisingly elegant. Prostitutes emerge from rooms and apartments and find, along with Lesbians, homosexuals and pimps, their way to favorite bars. In their train, like rats fascinated by a Pied Piper of sex, follow a thousand attendant "professionals" –

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B&E men (breaking and entering), con men, salesmen with horrendous catalogs, loan sharks, "Dip Broads" (female pickpockets), plainclothesmen, crooked lawyers, pushers. This area is not a racial ghetto (in 1960, it was about 38 percent Negro). Yet it is a crime-sealed capsule that works around the clock.

The most important single trend in Boston today is the trend of the Negro to throw his weight into the social and political scale – but in the crime ghetto of which I write, all such social and political action is forgotten; here the Negro implicitly accepts his deviant role. Here Boston's races meet in what might be called an exploitative and conspiratorial integration.

Men with Dark Glasses

The cafe is shadowy. The few people seated at the bar and in the booths wear dark clothes, have dark skins, and often in the case of the men (who form a majority of the clientele) wear dark glasses, as if they belonged to a subterranean region.

As the afternoon wears on, the tiny place becomes congested, nervous, throbbing. Against the bar, illuminated by a glass cone in which swim tiny points of colored light, the faces are impassive. Several girls crouch on the stools, only one of them white, and she unnaturally so, with eyes so light that one thinks of albinos. Another is the epitome of darkness, wearing a black velvet dress shabbily seductive. Her face is set into a quiet mask, darker still, but faintly gleaming, like the interior of a fading furnace.

The only white man present stands uneasily near the jukebox in the back; a pale, clumsy-footed girl enters the bar suddenly, letting the door swing back with the icy wind, and stumbles against him. She is on her way to the Ladies' Room, eyes fixed, face swollen. She has an enormous pocketbook under her arm, and later in a dark corner, she is opening it and handing a sheaf of green bills to a smaller Negro, who appears like one of those tiny male fish which fasten to the white bellies of larger females, and so swim forever in the safe shade of the nutritious mother.

Huddled in the booths, soft-hatted Negro men, wearing unobtrusive snowjackets, converse about those "in the life": someone has been "busted" (sent to prison); someone is "really laying it on the hip" (shooting dope); someone has "taken off a sting" (carried off a successful operation). Yet another is ready for the "funny factory" (the mental hospital).

But most of those in the bar don't talk to anyone. They wait. Addicts wait to "cop" (buy dope); prostitutes wait for pimps, and pimps for prostitutes; loan sharks wait for customers; informers wait for plainclothesmen. All wait for business, any business, except that which by some turn of upside-down morality seems beneath the dignity of the person approached, as it seems for instance to the shiny-haired young man in the red shirt, who when approached to do a little "play on the fruit-market" (the homosexual racket) feels impelled to say that he's no "punk-chaser."

A short, well-dressed young man in a belted jacket and a Spanish beret is standing beside the booth in which I am sitting and casts an oblique glance at my notebook.

"What's the word?"

"Poetry – interested in poetry?"

"Sure – I dig anything cultural."

"Have a beer."

In spite of his light skin and his good looks, he seems marked by an injury of some sort, for he continuously dips his head sideways, as if to straighten out a kink in his neck.

"I don't drink," he says. "I travel."

"Do you like to travel?"

"Yes," his smile is extremely controlled. "It seems that in that way one can manage to be happier."

The question of happiness hovers in the air.

"The people in here don't seem to be very happy," I observe.

"Most of them wish they were someplace else, but this is the only kind of place they know."

Past us, roused suddenly from his seat, mouth agape, arm outstretched and shaking, falters an old man in a gray suit.

"Why are *you* here?" the young man is demanding. "Don't you know this is a notorious place?"

"Notorious for what?"

"Hustlers, pimps, thieves, addicts."

In the meantime he is fingering a book – *The Shame of the Cities* – which I have on the table beside me, as if adroitly trying to find some clue to the riddle of my presence. He has read my name on the inside cover and is flipping the pages.

"I've been 'on the street' since I was 14 – yes, early in the game I got into some trouble when I ran away from home and hitchhiked to New Orleans. I've associated with criminals all my life, and to be realistic I don't think I'll ever change. I try to be rational." In a hesitating voice he adds, "This book about thieves?"

"Well – only indirectly. It's about corruption in the cities."

He looks reflective. Then he says, "You are a very attractive woman . . . for your age. You must be about 35?"

I say, hiding my pleasure, "I'm a *good* 35. How old are *you*?"

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"Twenty-five."

"You appear older."

"I've had experience." He looks straight ahead. "I get money in various illegal ways."

"I suppose you do."

Harold – that is his name – has told me that he has "Egyptian" blood, which I take to mean that he is a light-skinned Negro. We exchange first names, but not telephone numbers or addresses. Neither of us is quite willing to put himself at the mercy of the other. We compromise by agreeing that should we want to see each other again, we will use this bar as a place at which to leave telephone messages.

Like Tropical Birds

It is two nights later, and I am to meet Harold at an acknowledged crossroads for high-class Negro prostitutes. It is snowing and Harold, in his black beret, black-belted jacket lined with lambs' wool, black corduroy slacks, is waiting outside. We sit in a booth, order drinks and comment upon the fantastic hairdos of the girls (like the crests of dissolute tropical birds). One wears a black jacket and long red suede tights terminating in high red boots. Another is a baby-faced, creamy-skinned mulatto with puffy cheeks dusted with lighter powder and stuck with exaggerated spit curls, what the French call *accroche-coeur*.

Harold was born in New Bedford. His parents were mill workers. There were 10 children in the family. "I remember the fights we had about the kale soup that was always cooking on the coal stove. No, it wasn't so much the poverty. . . ." His narrow shining eyes become reflective. "I saw my father walk to work each day, just to save a dime. That didn't seem to me the way to cash in on the great American dream. I did well at school. I read a lot, especially stories about crime, about swindlers and thieves and con men. At 14 I ran away because life was so monotonous."

In spite of facts about poverty and unemployment – five percent of our labor force unemployed, 25 percent unemployment among young Negroes – one could still ask what such facts have to do with Harold, who had never been in the work-groove anyway. Indeed, prominent in his recital are two *non*-economic facts: "I read a lot – about thieves and con men and swindlers"; "I ran away because life was so monotonous."

In such communities as New Bedford the child wanders the streets and picks up his "crime" magazine at the corner drugstore. Out of dubious material he constructs his "heroes." The other problem – monotony – is one which American know-how has not only failed to lick, but has multiplied. The child of ignorant and busy parents is driven in deprived and slumlike areas to gunmaking, lockpicking, breaking into stores.

Harold recounts an endless procession of truancy, flights from home, returns by the police.

"At 17, I went around with a group of pimps who were my own age and thought themselves pretty clever. When I met a girl who'd been to the Lancaster Reform School, I talked her into hustling for me."

At 17, an age when all the delights and responsibilities of the world should have been opening up to him, he could think of no better task than persuading this girl to get herself recommitted to Lancaster so that she could recruit other girls for the Chinatown trade. These embryonic young criminals dreamt, no doubt, of $100 call girls, of "specials" bringing in fabulous sums, of sidelines such as dope. But in their callow state the only contact they could make was a single one in Chinatown, a market in which it was easy to get a foothold, because of its large population of single men.

"Wong made the contact for us," Harold said, "we felt that we were real operators. On a prearranged night, we drove up to Boston in a stolen car, and we waited for the girls outside of Lancaster. Later on in Chinatown the girls would get $10 a throw and each of them would bring in $40 or $50 a day. They did it for kicks. They had no families to speak of.

There is very little noise. Most of the girls sit on stools around the bar; almost all of them are Negro, one with fabulously bleached hair. Their voices are quiet and languid. They seem subdued, watchful. Of the white girls, there is one blue-eyed and doll-like whose vacant expression does not alter, even when (with great rapidity) she gets a man and strolls out.

Against the wall, the pimps watch and maneuver, ready to contact new customers, restimulate old ones, in some cases to exchange a girl with another pimp, to "sell" her or (should her legitimate pimp be sent to prison) "inherit" her. In those soft, small hats, round dark glasses, short narrow trousers and long enveloping coats, they look like hooded eagles. And suitably so, for the Negro prostitute is the most exploited in the nation. "All those without police connections," Harold says, "get in line or go to jail. Most of them are so well-controlled by their pimps that they can hardly call a dollar their own. Many come from the South and hardly owned a pair of shoes. If the money's slow in coming in the pimp will be right on their heels. Sometimes the pimp will get them on the 'stuff' to make them eager for the dough; but it's a crazy man does that. Dope is stronger than either of them. Dope is King." Real information is hard to get, but it is certain that "pushing" has increased in Boston as in most other major cities.

There has been an influx of rural Negro Southern families into Boston in the last 10 years and of young women and girls imported by aggressive domestic employment agencies. The NAACP filed legislation at the

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State House last year to try to curtail the exploitation of domestic servants; some of the girls were found wandering around the city's parks and streets late at night. For some groups national mobility has meant higher salaries, higher status, interesting experiences. For others, for instance the youthful tribes, both black and white, who hitchhike, drive or even fly across the country – the girls sometimes selling themselves on the way or keeping up a tenuous physical relationship with those as disturbed as themselves – it has meant nihilism and rootlessness.

The national prosperity has meant – in a society where crime is one of his chief roads toward upward mobility – greater rewards for the Negro, but rewards that are illicit. Harold, leaning against a jukebox in the South End Cafe, refers to the group of men sitting in the booths: "These guys are making as much as a yard and a half [$150] a day. Most of them have never had it so good!"

To look objectively at Boston's Momma-land is to look across the nation, to see barbarous zones where people speak a secret language and seek outlets for their frustrations in cults like the Black Muslims, in narcotics like heroin, or in distorted personal relationships. Here prostitution and pimping is allied to addiction, loan-sharking, gambling. (The total flow of cash into illegal gambling rackets in Massachusetts was estimated in 1957 by the Massachusetts Crime Commission as $2 billion a year, and this was not counting the take from narcotics, prostitution, illegal liquor and labor rackets.) Just as the workers in the cotton factories of England in the early 19th Century were driven to drugs, so that on counters of the slum shops, pills of one, two and three grains of opium were laid out for the Saturday trade, so too in Harlem hallways little boys go up and down the stairs calling out, "Spikes – get your spikes – spikes 50 cents – get your spikes." For the Negro is both pusher and junkie, as he is also both gambler and fall-guy for gambling losses, the pimp who is forced to operate on "the street" and can't "make it" in the good hotels, the victim of the loan shark, and the man who brings the borrower to the loan shark's door.

What do you need to be a pimp in the South End, to literally "own" other human beings? As the weary Negro policeman who had been on that beat for years told me with serious attention to detail: "You need to have a good *Zircon*, say a fairly decent diamond with a white-gold setting, and a watch with a white-gold background to match. And if you don't care for white gold, then plain gold. And you need to get a process for your hair. And a phony bankroll to flash around. And you need to be able to talk loud. What that pimp must do is get the girl in the position of being the eager one, of wanting him, because only in that way can he 'cop' [get hold of] her, and after that he's got to take care not to 'blow' [lose] her." Not much is needed to lay the groundwork for what is an extremely lucrative business. Only a good appearance, the manners of a confidence man and a complete lack of scruples. The man does not choose and court the girl, but instead preens himself like a woman, and the girl chooses *him!*

Rudolf, a young Negro pimp, addict and booster (thief), admits in his gentle and rather monotonous voice that pimping is a "job where you're always on the lookout."

"Boston is a helluva town for hustling money," he says, "$20 is the minimum, not like New York City, where they'll turn tricks for anything. Yes, it's getting girls from the South has always been a thing to do. It's a good idea to get a girl across the state line legally. We would call the girls 'kitchen mechanics'; most of them would have Thursdays off, and then the agency or else one of the other girls would let them know about these clubs to go to, and on Thursdays you'd find them there, and the pimps would be there too. A pimp would prime a girl, you know, get her to like him, get her indebted to him, buy her a dress, or lend her money. Perhaps it would be on a 'love' tip; these girls are looking to marry, and the man would express that wish too, but it would never take place."

"Girls in that way of life are not too smart," he says, tapping anxiously with one foot on the floor. "We call them 'Gofers'; that means they 'go for anything'. They're alone and they're depressed, and they figure they'll live better. The man urges them to give notice to their employer so they'll be more dependent on him, and he tells them they'll be able to live it up. The 'Gofers' have an idea they're going to be something like a wife, and even after he 'turns them out' [sets them up as prostitutes] they think they're going to be some kind of call girls. They don't see the unheard-of sacrifices they're going to make. Driven all around the clock, all hours of the night, winter and summer, they're just like cattle."

Swindlers Are Heroes

Rudolf actually uses such phrases as "unheard-of sacrifices." He never graduated from high school but has lived on the fringe of Bohemia and has picked up along with the thieves' "cant," a middle-class phraseology, as well as a superficial and undiscriminating interest in artists, religious cults and politics – especially politics as they affect the dark races. He read *Berlin Diary, The Sign of the Swastika, Mein Kampf, Black Boy* and *The Color Curtain*, yet his association with the "square" world has been limited to contacts with white social workers, white "customers" and

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minor white crime figures. His heroes, as with Harold, have been swindlers and con men.

Now he says, "After a while the girls don't care what they do. They begin to operate on a mechanical level, and there's always a fresh supply, someone sees to that. These Southern families are large. Her man might drive down South and bring back her sisters. The only way he can get into trouble is if the girl signs a statement against him. There was a woman who came North with 13 kids, and six of them were girls. The agent in the South notified us of her coming, and she was met in the club by an older fellow, and the question was put to her and she agreed for her four older daughters."

Such casual reference to a mechanized set-up are reflective not only of the attitudes of pimps but of prostitutes who are the dark-skinned game, wandering in the reserves of the "white hunter." They may become bitter and mocking, as Clara – or infinitely passive and masochistic, as Anna May of Mississippi.

"Excuse Me, Momma"

Clara, one of the habituées of Columbus Avenue in the South End and a high-priced call girl, might be said to have been practically born into the business; her aunt was known as "one of the prettiest girls ever to hit the Roxbury Street." Clara's heels announce her arrival, like the click clack of a toy train, and when she gets closer I see her dark handsome face, peering from the high collar of a smart black fur-lined jacket. Intelligent enough to be a college graduate, dramatic enough to be an actress, Clara, like Rudolf, can speak two languages, of the underworld and of the "squares."

"I've seen those 'Gofers'," she says, "when I used to wait in Penn Station in New York City for the week-end express from Long Island. They'd come pouring into the city, and this bunch of young punk pimps'd be waiting for them. The girls were all out as domestics in Long Island suburbs, and they didn't know what from what. The pimps'd be falling all *over* the girls. . . . 'Do you know where the *lockers* are?' 'Let me carry your suitcase'. 'Would you care to have a cup of coffee?' I tell you I know all about it because I've been hit on in the same way, them not knowing I was from the city. And I'd say to them," Clara's voice took on a dramatically scornful tone, "listen Baby, I'm just as slick as *you* are. . . . I'm not from no cotton-field. And this pimp would sure collapse then. He'd fade out *fast*. . . . 'Oh excuse me Momma', he'd say."

Anna May left New Orleans at 14 with her seducer Roland and came to Boston, where, soon afterward, he put her on the street. Now at 23, with her gross body, her scarred face, her dull and hopeless eyes, she looks like a woman of 40, and an unattractive one at that. Her head holds so many half-healed wounds that it is impossible to do her hair, and her hair itself has refused to grow any more and lies flat and stunted to her head. Her body bears brands where lighted cigarettes were burned into her flesh. Her face has been razor-marked from eye to mouth, by that mark which due to its fineness cannot be skillfully sewn and leaves the most deliberate scar. Clara expresses Anna May's experiences, with the indignation of one whose sense of justice has not yet been blunted. "I tell you that girl knows nothing else, for he's the first man she ever had and she's scared to death to leave him. I've seen them on the street. I'd be talking to Anna May and Roland'd be along, and before he'd say a word, he'd knock her on the pavement. I've seen him cut her on the arms and she told me how she got those wounds on her head. I tell you I used to cry for her, Honey."

And Anna May says, when questioned about Roland, "I don' like to love no man, they jus' a burden on you, they break yo' heart." And then she adds, "I only love my mother."

"I know a girl who borrowed $50 from the syndicate," Clara says, "and she had to pay back $500. Every week she had to pay back $50 and some nights she was so scared she wouldn't eat or even buy herself cigarettes. *Man*, did she die every week when it was time for the 'Big Porker' to come around! She ended up in 'Medfield State' [a mental institution]."

I had seen the "Big Porker" in one of the bars. He is the loan enforcement man for a minor Italian gangster. His shaven head, from which peer out two pig-like eyes, seems too small for his lumbering body. His long arms swing to his knees. "I wouldn't borrow a penny from those guys," Clara says. "One slip and you end up in an alley with your legs and your arms broken."

The night is dark and the street lights are dim ($2 billion for gambling in Massachusetts, but not enough light). Down Tremont, past the red-brick fronts where the long-legged thin girls sit on the iron-railinged steps and dart out to solicit the men in the passing cars . . . past the upheavals of urban renewal . . . the demolished squares, as desolate as bombed cities . . . along a somber street where pawnshops and secondhand dealers alternate with bars . . . windows where the lights run over faces, painting them alternately green, red-orange, subdued violet . . . the aging alcoholics, living in the deserted and boarded-up basements of the South End . . . children serving as lookouts, letting the group know when the man comes by with the "fix" . . . an occasional old woman, safe because of her age, standing on a windy corner and muttering some story. In Momma-land, these disparate figures, hesitating, loitering, passing, are symbolic of a life lived with aliases, with changing addresses, without voting or working, in constant evasion and flight.

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Attack on Detroit

by James Ridgeway

The automobile manufacturers are under stiffening attack, in Congress and by the government, for failure to build safer cars. In 1964 a record 47,800 people were injured. The auto industry maintains that the carnage on the highways is caused by foolish driving. It fought and lost the battle against New York State Senator Edward J. Speno, who got seat belts into autos. There is little argument now about their usefulness in saving lives, and Detroit is rightly being asked what else might be done to improve car safety.

Last week Senator Gaylord Nelson introduced a bill that, in effect, would give the General Services Administration authority to set safety standards for all autos. The GSA now is setting up standards for the 35,000 vehicles purchased each year by the government. Senator Abraham Ribicoff's new Subcommittee on Executive Reorganization is about to hold hearings on the government's role in traffic safety. He will also be looking to see whether the man who shops for a car gets enough information to be able to distinguish one from another.

The Justice Department is in the midst of a new investigation to determine whether auto makers joined in a deliberate effort to delay equipping vehicles with exhaust control devices. Smith Griswold, chief air pollution officer for Los Angeles County, recently asked the Department to begin the antitrust inquiry. Auto manufacturers have balked at equipping 1966 model cars with pollution control devices as required by new California law, although Griswold maintains they could have done so long ago. Some of the modifications to be used in next year's cars relate to patents dating back to 1909, he says. Griswold grew more curious about the industry after he saw the Ford Motor Company demonstrate a car, equipped with an emissions control system, that far surpasses the 1966 anti-exhaust requirements, or indeed the standards proposed for 1970.

None of the legal suits charging General Motors with defective engineering in the manufacture of the Corvair have been resolved. There are 45 of these unusual cases. Meanwhile there are other disconcerting stories. Not long ago Ford and Chrysler took the unusual precaution of asking owners of some early 1965 model cars to bring them in for repair. Some Ford and Mercury owners received letters asking them to bring their cars to dealers so that a rear suspension arm attachment could be improved by adding a reinforcement bracket to each side. In its January, 1965 issue, *Consumer Reports* said: ". . . The letter fails to mention that, without the 'improvement,' the rear suspension arm attachment may break loose from the chassis frame; this could then result in the car's veering completely out of control." Ford denied the reinforcement brackets had anything to do with safety. The company said they were necessary to ensure a more silent ride.

Chrysler called back some Plymouth Furys, Chryslers and Dodges for inspection to see whether the steering gear support needed rewelding. "Without this reinforcement," said *Consumer Reports*, "the steering gear could break loose from its mooring, possibly to result in loss of steering control." Chrysler denies this is so. The company says that while all other manufacturers use a single weld on this part, it decided as an added safety precaution to put a double weld on 1965 models. It adds that it merely wanted to check some of the early cars to be sure the double weld had not been missed in the first days of the production line changeover.

Consumer Reports' automotive engineers, however, stick to their stories.

Some 1961 model Volkswagons have had trouble because of faulty cam shaft manufacture. The company says most of the bad ones were caught during the warranty life; it sent out word to the dealers, but never told the owners. In one recent case a Volkswagon owner had complained for more than a year about engine trouble; VW repairmen fiddled with the car, but the trouble got worse, and at 46,000 miles, it broke down. This time, VW mechanics informed the owner the cam shaft was a lemon. Of course, the warranty had given out; repairs cost $275. It would seem sensible to compel all automobile manufacturers to stand behind their products in instances of major manufacturing or design flaws. If there are lemons, the company should say so straight out, to the owner, not the dealer, and then fix them.

The Federal Trade Commission is hauled up short just outside Detroit's gate with unanswered questions on tires and odometers. Recent hearings by the Commission brought forth the startling disclosure by rubber manufacturers that new autos are equipped with tires only strong enough to support the weight of three people. Having made this discovery, the FTC now fears

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it will be unable to publish these hearings because of exorbitant printing costs. Is it not unusual for a regulatory commission to be unable to inform the public of its findings? There is, perhaps, a more pointed explanation in the suggestion that Mr. Paul Rand Dixon, the chairman, lacks the nerve to publish what was said.

The FTC also is interested in odometers, and is said to be nearing completion of a study on the subject begun in the Hoover Administration. The National Bureau of Standards discovered in recent years that odometers, the mileage indicators, overregistered by about 3.2 percent. This meant that rental car companies, whose rates are based on mileage, were overcharging their customers (rough estimates suggest overcharges for autos alone amounted to more than $4 million a year), and the government was losing $40 million a year in inflated gas mileage tax deductions. It also suggested gas mileage claims might be off. The industry agreed to set odometers back to an average zero error, beginning this year. But a good many rental vehicles made before then still are on the roads, the customers who are unfortunate enough to get them pay more.

One solution would be to persuade the rental car companies to discount gas mileage charges by 3.2 percent for all vehicles made before January, 1965. The Commission is not eager to take this step, since it is under the impression that should a rental car customer protest loudly enough about overcharges, he will get a refund anyway. The Commission has not passed along this impression to the rental car customers. We put in calls to the Washington offices of Hertz and Avis, where friendly but firm voices said there could be no refunds because the rental car companies had no control over the auto manufacturers.

It is a little difficult to believe the Commission was conned; its role in the odometer business certainly is puzzling. Perhaps it will be explained when the 30-year study is published. One might suspect that the commissioners would be bursting with curiosity to find out whether Detroit's gas mileage claims actually were based on real miles or phony ones. Certainly it might sue to get the government's money back from rental car companies which overcharged it. And it could look into the possible collusion between rental car companies and automobile manufacturers, both of which seemed happy enough to leave the odometers set up, even where it was a relatively simple matter to put them back to zero.

In the course of such an inquiry the FTC might examine the workings of the Society of Automotive Engineers, an independent professional group that sets standards which the industry is said to use in the construction of autos. Among other things the SAE writes up odometer specifications. The members of SAE technical committees are employed by the auto manufacturers; SAE's funds come from the industry; its stockholdings devoted largely to petroleum, tire, auto and oddly enough rental car companies, tell better than anything where the SAE's heart lies. It would be interesting to have from the FTC, or perhaps from Mr. Ribicoff's subcommittee, a close description of how these people go about setting auto standards. That might tell a lot about competition in Detroit.

A BACKLASH ISSUE THAT COULD RETURN THE CONSERVATIVES

Color in Britain

London

In 1951 over half the British had never even seen a colored man. Now, 14 years and some 700,000 immigrants later, color is a national issue on which a closely contested general election could turn. In this situation both the Labour Party and the Conservative Party are maneuvering for position.

So far, the Conservatives retain the edge. Last October, color accounted for three of the five seats Labour lost to the Conservatives, and the signs are that Labour is still caught on the hook of its initial opposition to the Commonwealth Immigrants Act of 1962 which made it more difficult for colored people to come to live in Britain. In the next round Labour could lose another six to a dozen urban seats with sizable colored populations and small Labour majorities. If at that time the parties are as evenly balanced over-all as opinion polls now show them to be, color could put the Conservatives in power again.

Labour's official answer to the backlash is that it will renegotiate the 1962 Act with Commonwealth countries in the hope of getting an agreed measure. As there is not much chance of this happening this side of

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Christmas, if at all, Labour is stuck with the present law, and is judged by the way it administers it. Far from liberalizing it in any way, Labour's Home Secretary, Sir Frank Soskice, has put out orders to immigration officers to tighten controls. An estimated 10,000 immigrants got in illegally over the past two years – on forged passports and phony vouchers, or by passing themselves off as students or dependents of immigrants already here. Now Labour will put a stop to all that by its gesture to the right and to the white.

Ironically, the gesture came just a day late. Sir Alec Douglas-Home, the Conservative leader, outflanked the government by pressing for a scheme to repatriate those immigrants who might want to go home but could not afford to, and by suggesting that what was now needed was a reduction in the total number of immigrants allowed in. Labour now knows that as fast as it moves to pacify white opinion, the Tories seem sure to attempt to go one better.

To some extent this is a genuine response to party pressure, though none the more admirable for that. Mr. Edward Heath, who takes charge now of reformulating Conservative policy, has had it put to him forcibly by party workers that immigration should be cut back, and possibly stopped altogether. In these circumstances, the liberals in the Conservative Party are losing out. Sir Edward Boyle, who since last October had been looking after Home Office matters, which include immigration, was spirited away in the recent Conservative reshuffle to the relatively more placid waters of Education. Sir Edward is markedly more liberal toward immigrants than most of his party, too liberal, it appears, to have charge of any heady mixture the Conservatives are brewing. As a further sign of the mood, it was only after much heart-searching that another Tory liberal and ex-Minister, Aubrey Jones, escaped being dropped by his constituency committee as a candidate for the next election. There remains for the Conservatives a danger that they may go too far for their own liberals, and end up with a party split; but so far no one has openly sought to rock the boat which may float them back into office.

Given that the Conservatives are leading on the restrictions issue, Labour's best chance of getting back on decent terms with the white electorate over color might well be to move fast on the causes of unrest in heavy immigrant areas. With one million immigrants already in the country, and the prospect of three million by the year 2000, Britain has, and will continue to have, a colored minority whatever it does at the ports. And there is much to be done to make the lives of the colored immigrants bearable, not only to themselves but also to their white neighbors. Any sensible housing program would seek to avoid ghettoes; and on the education front there is a need for ministerial pronouncements to ease parental panic.

COMING: *A study of the place of the arts in a great society – by Michael Straight*

Immigrants provide 40 percent of Britain's hospital doctors, nearly 20 percent of her trainee nurses, the backbone of many an urban bus system, quite apart from carrying out much unskilled work that the native British will not do, and that the Irish have increasingly forsaken for the new prospects in their own country. Colored unemployment rates are under five percent, which, given difficulties of language and acclimatization, is surprisingly low.

The immigrants are now beginning to make these points for themselves. Spurred on by a lecture from Martin Luther King, colored leaders – West Indian, African, Indian and Pakistani – set up a Campaign Against Racial Discrimination two months ago. Their leader is a West Indian doctor, David Pitt, who is also a Labour London County Councilor. CARD's voice will be a valuable addition to what has so far been mainly an all-white dialogue.

British prejudice is not as overgrown with the tortured facts and legends of history as the American experience. Much is attributable to an island people's fear of the stranger: when polled, 94 percent of the British say they like to keep to themselves. It has always been that way.

In 1920 in Southall, just outside London, apartments to let carried the warning "no Welsh here." Today Southall has a one-in-six immigrant population. Two years ago this led to tension in the schools. But today, after a carefully considered local initiative, Southall is being praised as a showplace of educational integration. Other towns are urged to copy a system which provides special language classes for Indians and Pakistanis, and which makes a policy point of ensuring a spread of immigrant children throughout Southall's 20 schools. From "no Welsh here" to that, in under 50 years, suggests that today's politicians may be too eager to cash in on color prejudice. For immediate tactical reasons it may be wise to play to the white gallery; but if they continue as at present, the white gallery may not always cheer.

Brian Wenham

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Murray Kempton

The Old Adam

For the benefit of fellow members of the House of Representatives, the unsinkable Adam Clayton Powell the other day explained why, for the moment, he can't go home to Harlem.

"Your easy rider's got to stay away."
– W. C. HANDY *The Yellow Dog Blues*

Congressman Adam Clayton Powell asked and was granted an hour just before the Washington's Birthday recess to explain to the House of Representatives why he is the only one of its members who is on the lam from his own district. His colleagues are, of course, too polite ever to have asked him any such question. Powell is chairman of the House Committee on Education and Labor and thus a paladin of that assembly; it was a mark of his stature that his hour on the floor was requested for him by Carl Albert, leader of the majority, that Speaker John McCormack waited out the afternoon to listen to him, and that his colleagues from Mississippi occupied a whole row on the Democratic side of his audience.

The House had convened at 11 in the morning and chewed morbidly away on the Inter-American Development Bank Bill for nearly four hours, which was considerably more than Adam Powell regards as the normal adult dose of the House floor. He was observed with a lean cigar, prowling the area behind the railing where smoking is permitted, and he talked awhile outside in the cloakroom, lighting a white porcelain pipe in the shape of a corncob from a book of President Johnson's matches.

He had not, he said, been in his Harlem district for the four months since the New York State Supreme Court served him with a criminal contempt citation for his refusal to pay a $51,000 character defamation judgment to Esther James, a 69-year-old Harlem resident whom Powell had described as a "bagwoman" (money collector) for *mafiosi* gamblers and their friends in the police department.

He would like, he went on, to complete his *apologia* in time to fly home to Puerto Rico. He hoped as many members of his committee as cared to would be able to go with him. He had arranged for Congressman John Dent's education subcommittee to travel to Puerto Rico over the Washington's Birthday weekend and study the financial problems of a school on a Strategic Air Command base there. "It is," said Powell, "a situation which is not covered by federal aid to impacted areas and we may have to write special legislation for it." He did not smile. "The committee," he went on, "will be going on congressional business. I have suggested that any members of the committee anxious to join this investigation come along. I myself, of course, will travel alone, *commercial*."

He has swollen quite beyond his colleagues. Traveling on congressional business means traveling at government expense as poor shabby John Dent would have to do on the crucial and onerous labors that would afflict what would otherwise be a vacation in the Caribbean. "Traveling commercial" sounded like Adam Powell's language for traveling free as a bird as guest of some private enterprise. It is, of course, entirely possible that he is paying his own fare; but that admission would be a terrible wound to his pride; he would rather let us believe that he had arrived at a position of enough consequence to free-load off truly important people. He junkets at government expense no more; instead he gives away junkets to underprivileged colleagues as other politicians give away campaign buttons.

Powell had to wait another hour after the Inter-American Development Bank vote to hear Congressman Gurney of Florida cry out against the Department of Agriculture for having visited a plague upon the citrus industry by discouraging the importation of cheap farm labor from the Caribbean. Congressman Gurney and friends told the House all about the migratory picker who earned $189 a week, and Adam Powell sat there patient and sympathetic and waited his turn beside Majority Leader Albert.

It was close to five o'clock before his hour came and he was on his feet shooting his cuffs. It was a tribute to his status that 39 Democrats and 16 Republicans still waited to listen to him.

He opened with an expression of fraternal solidarity with Congressman Gurney in his affliction by unreliable and extortionary colored domestics. The House Education and Labor Committee would find pickers

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for the Florida growers: "I should like to assure my good friends from Florida that [my] committee has not been negligent. We have realized the problem. . . . We intend to hold hearings in Florida, in California and Texas, wherever the problem is acute."

He had, he went on, made arrangements for Republicans in the House to "receive 30 percent of whatever is allocated to the general committee for salaries . . . close to $90,000, the highest in my 21 years in Congress that any minority has ever received." He had expressed the principle of fair shares for all Congressmen and he moved easily to the principle of special prerogatives for all Congressmen too. His particular troubles could be, he warned, the troubles of all Congressmen. The issue was whether a Congressman could rise on the floor of the House where he is privileged against suit for libel, and attack a private enemy and then, when he says the same thing off the floor, be brought to court for defamation of character.

Some of those present, Congressman Powell said, might be too young to remember how in January of 1960, "in this holy place, the well of this great body, I began a personal crusade against the policy racket in New York City." (It was the tone with which prophets customarily exaggerate the moral impulse of their beginnings; Powell had, in fact, begun his crusade as a protest on behalf of a distressed local industry; his original complaint had been that respectable Negro businessmen were being displaced from the Harlem numbers enterprise by Italians and Jews and their friends in the police department.)

"In the course of my remarks, I named as 'bagwoman' for the police department a certain woman in my district." He had named Mrs. Esther James on the House floor, a sanctuary for defamation; he had then described her in similarly bald terms on a television program. She had sued him and won a judgment for defamation that ran over $200,000, subsequently reduced on appeal to $46,500, and subsequently raised to $210,000 by a State Supreme Court which found Congressman Powell in contempt for non-payment.

"My Alleged Crime"

Powell had, the court found, compounded his contempt by diverting to his wife any cash which some authority might have seized toward payment of the judgment. He had, on the most precise of the counts against him, given his wife the $900 fee he had received from the magazine *Esquire* for an article suggesting an ethical practices code for Congressmen. "My alleged crime, by the way, consisted of the fact that I gave my wife $900. That is a question that may be of importance to some of you gentlemen." There was warm laughter from both sides of the House; none of those present, one assumes, was aware that the respected colleague before them had earned the $900 with so shocking a breach of the House's standard of ethics as the sale of an article suggesting improvements in the morality of Congressmen.

Mrs. James, the victorious plaintiff, had, Powell said, originally offered to settle her complaint for $8,000. "I was advised at the time that I could assert my congressional immunity." He had made this assertion on behalf of them all, and now he was burdened with a judgment of $210,000. "The sole object is to keep Adam Powell out of New York." His crusade against "the degradation of my district" had, he asserted, brought down upon him the vengeance of the underworld, the police department and all white society, operating behind Esther James.

(This dear old sister does not, in point of fact, appear to have been precisely a Mother Superior of the Carmelites. She had, however, the wit to present herself in court as a domestic and thus a member of a vanishing institution as beloved and mourned by middle-class New York juries as Jamaican citrus pickers are by Florida fruit growers.)

Who, Powell asked, is this "poor, old widow"? She is a naturalized West Indian who had failed to inform the Immigration Commissioner that she had been four times convicted for assault and battery in Buffalo before she became a citizen. The Commissioner of Immigration now knows of this, Powell went on, which was a melancholy suggestion as to what new citizens may expect if they affront their Congressmen.

Last October, Powell proceeded from the safe and sacred well, Mrs. James was "ostensibly the finger woman for the assassination at 12 noon in Harlem of one named Arthur Powers . . . [a numbers banker] trying to move into someone else's territory.

"Since that time, the police department has done nothing. . . . I know the killers. . . . They have been sheltered by the police. . . . They are Terry Lindsay, Charles 'Skippy' Martin, Vincent 'Hank' Hawkins."

The names were old Southern enough to indicate that a few Harlem natives had been able to get back a bit of their own racket from the *mafiosi*, and that Powell's crusade had not been an entire failure.

His reward for these revelations was, Powell said, to be convicted of libel by three all-white juries and a camorra of "underworld judges," one of them presumably New York Supreme Court Justice Arthur Klein, who was once a Congressman, and therefore to be described by Powell, according to the formulas of courtesy expected by the House, not just as a putative implement of the underworld but also as "our beloved former colleague."

He looked at the Mississippi row: "Just the other day the Supreme Court ordered a new jury trial – I

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think it was in Mississippi or Alabama – because they had excluded Negroes from the jury. Maybe there is a point involved here. Maybe I will have to invoke the Civil Rights Act to protect me in New York City." There was a warm laugh from John Bell Williams, a Congressman from Mississippi. "I saw all the Mississippians there," Powell said afterwards. "So I spoke directly to them."

He spoke, not as Negro to white Southerner, but as Congressman to Congressman. The *New York Times* had, he remembered, "done everything they could to evade a $500,000 libel judgment against them" after various Alabama policemen had sued the *Times* because they were affronted by its criticism of their stewardship. The Supreme Court had established the right of the *Times* to criticize public officials under the First Amendment; yet Powell's conviction had been affirmed. Therefore, he pointed out, as of now, a private citizen has a right to defame a public official, but no public official can defame a private citizen.

"At this moment every member of this House stands in the same position as I do."

That would include his brother, John Bell Williams, who might call Martin Luther King a Communist degenerate on the floor of the House and then, with the fit upon him during some Democratic primary, say the same thing at a political meeting and be sued with who knows what dreadful result.

Since he stood then for all of them, Adam Powell would not be deterred. Next week he would name more names. "I rededicate myself to the battle against corruption, brutality and the vice of public officials with the real assurance that I will ultimately prevail.

"I am only one, but I am one. I cannot do everything, but I can do something. What I can do, that I will do. What I can do, that I ought to do. And what I ought to do, by the grace of God I will do."

Perhaps six Democrats rose to applaud him. John Bell Williams arose too; for just a moment, he seemed about to join this modest ovation; but he forebore and he and Adam Powell went back to their offices.

Straight Vodka

There Adam Powell showed his visitors the great box which held the sailfish he had overcome after 38 minutes of struggle off the coast of Acapulco, and served them Scotch from a great jeroboam. He offered Dutch beer and then apologized because he had nothing left but Danish.

He sat in his lavender shirt and worked at revising his remarks. There was only one slight revision. He had revealed to the House the identity of the three supposed murderers of Arthur Powers, Mrs. James's dead gambler friend, who were being "sheltered by the police," but he had neglected to mention that one of them, Terry Lindsay, was being sheltered on the charge of having killed Powers. He casually repaired that omission – leaving intact the sentence "The police department has done nothing whatsoever"; in New York a deputy police commissioner bravely and hopelessly called in reporters to offer a rebuttal.

A photographer came in, looked at Powell's glass and explained that he had a device to test the strength of martinis. It was a medicine dropper with three small balls in it. "If one ball sinks, you have too much vermouth," this scientist explained, "if two sink you have an ordinary martini; if they all sink, you get an honest drink of straight gin."

He drew a sample from Powell's glass. Only one of the cork balls sank. "Pretty weak martini, Congressman," the photographer said.

"This," Powell grandly answered, "is straight vodka."

He said he had been up until three o'clock that morning composing his address. A visiting lady from his Abyssinian Baptist Church told him that he had not been alone, that she had been up all night praying for him.

"How's the street?" her pastor-in-exile asked.

"Dead," a male visitor replied. "The bars are half empty. Even the Jockey's and the Rooster are dead."

"Keep them alive for me," Adam Powell answered. "I'll be back."

"Do you know Harlem?" he asked another visitor in what could have been Napoleon's tone on Saint Helena. "A man goes into a bar in Harlem and puts down a hundred-dollar bill and says to the barman 'Give me some change.' And the bartender looks at the hundred-dollar bill and says, 'Baby, *that's* change'."

His hope of going home depends on the efforts of his parishioners to raise the $51,000 he owes on the original judgment. One of the visiting ladies said that this faith offering has now reached $3,000 in cash and as much in pledges, and that the church would keep a special offertory box open all day every Sunday until its pastor can be ransomed back to Harlem.

And then Adam Powell gave everyone a white card imprinted with the peroration of his speech to the House, "I am only one, but I am one," set in short *vers libre* lines.

"It was sent me by some woman in the Middle West – a white woman – who had heard about my troubles and wanted to help my spirit. I don't know where it came from; the Library of Congress can't find a source.

"I showed it to a friend of mine who's a lobbyist for Bell and Howell and he asked to borrow it and then he surprised me by having these cards printed." The first sentence is wonderfully precise; Adam Powell is absolutely the Only One.

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The Power of Prayer

by Andrew Kopkind

More things are wrought by prayer than this world ever dreams of, and if any doubt it, they should look in on a Presidential Prayer Breakfast. Last month, the awful power of prayer summoned thousands of men and women, the great and the humble, through the chill dawn to the Shoreham Hotel in Washington. There, they were segregated by sex into adjoining public rooms and bonded in breakfast and fellowship.

In government no less than in trenches, there are no atheists. Piety is the glue of politics, and no politician passes up the opportunity to proclaim his faith in a Higher Constituency. The Presidential Prayer Breakfast, and its sister meeting, the Congressional Wives Prayer Breakfast, represent the highest expression of official religious sentiment. The year's hard work – stamping "Pray for Peace" on envelopes and shouting "under God" loudly in the Pledge of Allegiance – finds its natural climax in the reaffirmation of national prayerfulness by the President and his First Lady, in witness before members of the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, Congress, the Diplomatic Corps, the active and retired Military, Industry, Science, Labor, Education.

There may have been some among the 1,300 men and 700 women at the breakfasts this year who were unable to comprehend the relationship between all that prayer and the US government, which after all is constitutionally prohibited from promoting any religion. If they feared the worst, their fears were groundless. Contrary to every outward appearance, the breakfasts are private affairs sponsored by a well-meaning and self-effacing outfit called International Christian Leadership, a kind of low-budget ($100,000 a year) Moral Rearmament which specializes in worldwide prayer breakfast, like a vast ecclesiastical coffee shop. It may be no coincidence that the Presidential Breakfast was for a time underwritten by Conrad Hilton.

International Christian Leadership is the vision of Dr. Abraham Vereide, a Norwegian immigrant who rode the circuit as a Methodist minister years ago in Montana. In 1935, Dr. Vereide brought together a group of 19 businessmen in Seattle, Wash., to find a way out of some sticky political problems facing that community. Sure enough, God was with them from breakfast right up to the polling booth, and one member became mayor and later governor. Dr. Vereide did not stop with the Seattle City Council, however, and in 1942 he organized a prayer group in the House of Representatives in Washington. The meeting, called the Thursday Group, still gathers every week, and there are similar organizations in the Senate, the Federal Trade Commission, the Pentagon, the Treasury, the Veterans Administration and other government agencies. Their theological architecture is a mixture of Baptist Revival and Suburban Modern.

For a while, it was all played in the lowest of keys. But in 1952, "as a result of the inspiration received at the weekly Senate and House breakfast meetings" (says an official ICL pamphlet), the first Presidential Prayer Breakfast was held. The inspired leader was Senator Frank Carlson, the Kansas Republican, who has continued to pop up as toastmaster at the succeeding 13 breakfasts. President Eisenhower so firmly established the precedent of the Presidential presence that no successor has reneged. He also was the first to invite Dr. Billy Graham, who for many years has been a fixture at the meetings (this year he was in Honolulu, but sent assurances by telegram that he was present in spirit). The women first met alongside, if not together, with the men five years ago.

ICL officials admit, somewhat embarrassedly, that the breakfasts have grown a bit oversized. This year, the affair was moved from the traditional quarters in the Mayflower Hotel to the fathomless Regency and Blue Rooms of the Shoreham. (Everyone says the cuisine improved apace.) Part of the problem is the inexorable expansion of the federal bureaucracy, which accounts for new invitations each year. Another factor is the interminable production of new countries, hence new embassies, and hence new ambassadors to invite. Not all the ambassadors attend; but almost all send a senior member of the staff, often enough not terribly well acquainted with the vocabulary of Christian observance. But the matter of cultural and religious alienation hardly fazes ICL. Moslems, Jews, Buddhists, Zoroastrians or whatever are admitted with enthusiasm equal to that accorded Christians, although the breakfast rites are heavily biased toward Christianity.

This year's breakfast began sharply at eight, with the US Army Chorus's rendition of "Sweet Hour of Prayer," and the invocation by Lieutenant General M. H. Silverthorn (USMC, Ret.), another permanent fixture at the meetings. Breakfast consisted of a lavish succession of delicacies, starting with a half-pineapple wrapped in blue cellophane. It did not, unfortunately,

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suit all. Representative Spark M. Matsunaga of Hawaii discerned immediately that the fruit had come not from his home but from Puerto Rico, and he pushed it aside with distaste. His tablemates had to work quickly to restore the fellowship. Soon, however, the guests were immersed in breakfast lamb chops, creamed brains and fried potatoes, and before they knew it Senator Carlson was telling them about the success of the "prayer breakfast movement."

"As a result of this breakfast," said the senator, "practically every governor in the United States holds an annual governor's prayer breakfast in his own state capital with the leaders of that state. And literally hundreds of smaller regular groups are meeting to foster faith and freedom in this land and around the world. Prayer groups now meet regularly in the national Canadian parliament, the House of Commons in London, Tokyo, Paris, Madrid, Venezuela, Costa Rica, Ethiopia and other places."

Senator Carlson introduced the head table and drew the loudest applause when he presented the "host," Bill Jones, who has picked up the not inconsiderable breakfast tabs in the past few years. Jones, who is described as a Los Angeles printing contractor, told his guests that he had been an alcoholic for 15 years, and had ruined his home, his friends and everything until Jesus Christ changed his life. His brief and deeply felt speech ended with a glance toward the Chief Executive: "Mr. President, every day our five children and my wife and I, we gather and we pray. And we pray for you because . . . we know that God knows your needs and that He's going to meet them in a much more significant way if we are constantly in prayer for you. . . . And Mr. Vice President, to add your name specifically to our morning prayer has really been a pleasure, and we sure pray God's virtuous blessings upon you."

Scripture lessons were read by Representative Horace R. Kornegay and Senator B. Everett Jordan, both North Carolina Democrats. Dr. Vereide gave a prayer of intercession, and there was an address by Speaker John McCormack, who gave a little pep talk about the Johnson legislative program. It was followed by a solo rendition of "The Old Rugged Cross."

The most moving speech of the morning was given by the Army Chief of Staff, General Harold K. Johnson, who told of his personal confrontation with God in several tight spots in the Pacific theater and during the Korean War. Finally, the President gave a short, curiously defensive address. The year before, in his maiden appearance as the President at the Presidential Prayer Breakfast (he had previously been there as Vice President), he had stirred many imaginations with a suggestion that the capital erect a "monument to God," alongside those to Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson and Robert A. Taft. Perhaps he felt the sting of cynical jibes, for this year Mr. Johnson sought to disarm the critics: "In our history it has been popular to regard with skepticism the private motives of public men and never more than when they participate in meetings such as this. I'm sure such skepticism has been deserved by some. But I am certain that only the unknowing and the unthinking would challenge today the motives that bring our public officials together. . . . for prayer and meditation."

Thus saying, he slipped next door to the wives' breakfast, where Mrs. Johnson had spoken and Dale Evans Rogers, the cowgirl, had produced a Grand Coulee of spiritual feeling and emotion. For those who could devote the rest of their morning to fellowship, there were seminars for labor officials, presidents of colleges, editors and publishers, businessmen and 73 arbitrarily selected student leaders from around the country. However well the seminars went with the other groups, the students showed some antagonism. Some of them claimed that they had been misled by Senator Carlson's letter of invitation about the nature and sponsorship of the breakfast. Joe Persico, student-body president at San Francisco State College, complained that the trip cost the student organization $401.75 in expenses. He and another California student representative protested to the President and members of Congress. "During the seminar, when I voiced my objection to the assumption that we were all devoted Christians," Persico wrote to the President, "we were told by Roger Staubach . . . from the US Naval Academy, 'I feel sorry for all of you who are not Christians, because you have no chance of an after-life'. General Silverthorn told us that 'of course, Christ said a few oddball things, too, like the Sermon on the Mount'."

It is not likely, of course, that the students' criticisms, which have some philosophical but no political force, will succeed in bringing down the Presidential Prayer Breakfast, creamed brains and all. The "movement" seems to be gaining. There are plans for starting satellite breakfasts in more government departments, despite some hesitancy by those who like their religion more subtly stated or not at all.

Some who attend the breakfasts out of amusement, courtesy, or self-advancement, may be overcome with embarrassment as they watch ambassadors and their aides endure the morning pieties. It may be some comfort to know, then, that most of the foreigners find the display no worse than boring and not devoid of a certain native charm, such as Occidentals find in Oriental inscrutability. "You've got to admit, after all," says one foreign diplomat who has been to the breakfasts over the years, "that there is something terribly American about it."

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VIET CONG

Who Are They, What Do They Want?

by Jean Lacouture

With rare exceptions, revolutionary movements tend to shape their identity while on the march. Thus, the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam struck its first blows well before it was known by that name.

Toward the end of July, 1954, an agreement on the cessation of hostilities was signed at the Geneva Conference between France, on the one hand, and the revolutionary forces of the three Indochinese nations (Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia). Under that agreement, Vietnam was divided at the 17th parallel. The Communist forces operating south of that line were to return to the North; most of those who were not natives of South Vietnam did so and were regrouped in Tonkin and North Annam. Their South Vietnamese comrades, however, split into two groups. Most of these were taken North with the Tonkinese to "build socialism" under Ho Chi Minh, their joint war leader and moving spirit. The others remained on home territory to keep a revolutionary movement alive there. This second category regrouped south of the 17th parallel into four zones: Quang-Ngay, Binh-Dinh in the center, and the Plain of Jars and the Camau Peninsula. Although these were former Viet Minh bases and were commonly regarded as the birthplace of the Viet Cong, the South Vietnamese revolutionary group at first seemed willing to abide by the Geneva agreements. Communist discipline prevailed, and although the Viet Minh had to make greater concessions on July 20, 1954, than they had bargained for – especially after their victory at Dien Bien Phu – the fact that Molotov and Chou En-lai had underwritten the Geneva agreements forced the militant elements to fall in line.

Nevertheless, before the Viet Minh returned to North Vietnam in May, 1955, they had sowed the seeds for future harvests: early in 1955, after visiting one of the Southern regions still under Viet Minh control, Joseph Alsop wrote in *The New Yorker:* "I would never have imagined that a Communist administration could be so popularist and so democratic."

JEAN LACOUTURE, *head of the Overseas Department of* Le Monde, *was in Vietnam until the end of last year.*

There were a number of nationalist and religious groups, however, which so far as the Vietnamese Communists were concerned, were simply wartime allies against the French. They did not feel themselves bound by the Geneva agreements; they refused to subscribe to commitments entered into by the Marxist leaders; nor would they bow to the authority of the new Chief of State in Saigon, Ngo Dinh Diem. Soon the witch-hunting tactics of Ngo, added to his own religious intolerance and that of his entourage, left these opposition factions no alternatives but imprisonment, exile or returning to the guerrillas. In short order, a sizable contingent, who were seeking mainly to escape the persecution of Diem's police forces, sought refuge with the guerrillas.

In those days the Saigon authorities lumped all dissident elements together as either Communists or Viet Cong. During an interview in 1959 with the then Minister of Information, Mr. Tran Chan Thanh, I tried to suggest that some of the guerrillas might simply be partisans of various groups being persecuted by the government: Caodaoists, "Hoa-Hao," "Binh-xuyen," etc. The minister, who was an intelligent enough person, tried in every way to convince me that the only opponents of the regime were Communists. Since then he has himself become a member of the opposition, and without being converted to Communism.

The year of decision was 1959. This was the year when, on the insistence of Washington, the one and only attempt was made to hold a democratic election in the South. The results were embarrassing to the Diem regime: Doctor Dan, a firm anti-Communist of impeccable background, was triumphantly elected to a legislative seat, over the bitter opposition of Diem. He was thereupon disqualified for office and jailed by Diem. Then the authorities began to define as Viet Cong anyone who participated, either actively or remotely, in the activity of any organization inspired by the Viet Minh. Under this definition four out of every five South Vietnamese were automatically suspect and subject to imprisonment. A supplementary edict outlawed anyone aiding the Viet Cong in any way. Tradi-

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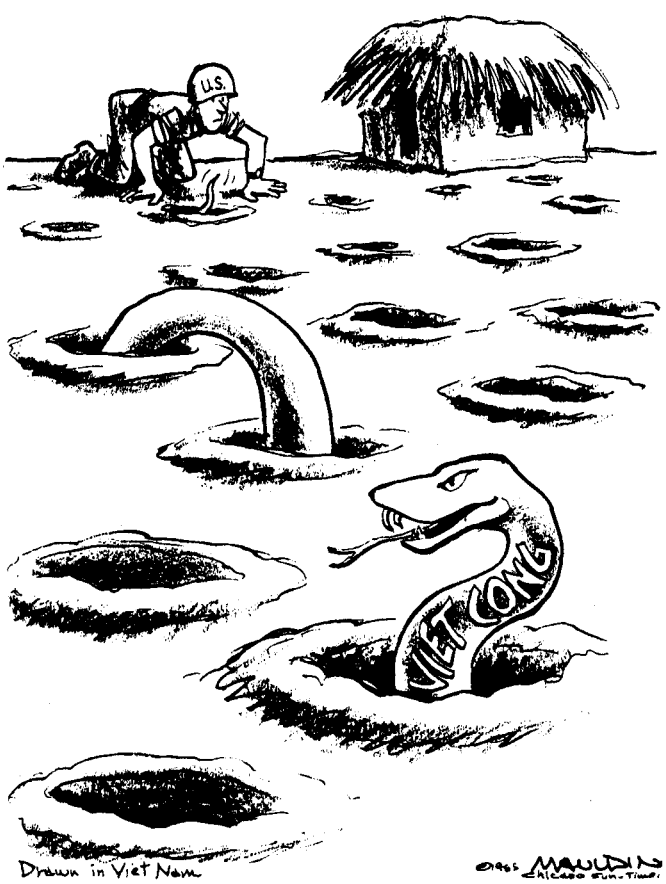
tionally, war brings special emergency legislation in its wake. In this case it can be truthfully said that emergency legislation brought war inevitably to South Vietnam. Before these exceptional measures were passed, the Communists were quiescent; but when they felt hands closing around their throats, they proceeded to counterattack.

In March, 1960, some "former resistance people" came together in East Cochin China, proclaimed the situation of the people under Diem "intolerable," and called on all patriots to form ranks once more with a view to possible collective action. No specific decrees were issued, however, and no major decisions were forthcoming for another six months.

The third congress of the *Lao-Dong* or "Workers' Party" (Communist) of the North was held at Hanoi September 5 to 11, 1960. Here, for the first time, Northern Communist leaders indicated interest in becoming involved in what was going on in South Vietnam. The goal of "liberating South Vietnam from American imperialism" was placed on the same footing as the goal of building socialism in the North. In their speeches, the Hanoi leaders were cautious: they specifically noted that the two revolutions must obey different strategies, depending on the local situation. But it is significant that at that congress Mr. Lê Duan was elected secretary-general of the party, replacing Ho Chi Minh. Although born in North Vietnam, the new secretary-general had fought in South Vietnam and had only gone North in 1954. Accordingly, he seemed to be just the right leader to act as liaison between North and South and to lead the campaign of subversion below the 17th parallel.



"Peekaboo!"

In all fairness, however, it must be emphasized that the Hanoi leaders did not make this shift – still a cautious one at that – on their own, but rather in response to the pressure of militants in the South who criticized the rather indifferent attitude of their Northern comrades toward the repressive measures of the Saigon authorities. Those militants were also disillusioned by the lethargy with which Hanoi and its allies in the socialist camp had reacted to Saigon's refusal to hold the general elections prescribed by the Geneva negotiators for July, 1956, with a view to reuniting the nation.

The Liberation Front

The principal reason why the Hanoi congress of September, 1960, marked North Vietnam's initial participation in the insurrection, is that the *Lao-Dong* there authorized the creation in the South of a true revolutionary organization: the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam. Although the organization was supposed to be independent, it obviously had rather close ties with the *Lao-Dong*, and could demand a certain amount of aid against the Diem regime in Saigon. On December 20, 1960, some hundred-odd persons who had gone underground announced that a "National Liberation Front of South Vietnam" had been created "somewhere in Nam-Bo." Its 10-point program, soon broadcast over Radio Hanoi, revealed its general orientation. The denunciation of "imperialism," and especially the condemnation of American "monopolies" (which played virtually no part in this affair) lent the harangue a Marxist ring. Nevertheless, the "10 points" were comparatively moderate and placed emphasis on setting up a neutralist regime in the South, obviously the result of a hasty compromise between those desirous of enlisting the sympathy of the masses, and Communist forces anxious to maintain contact with the North. The war was no longer an obscure struggle between diverse dissidents and a neo-fascist regime in Saigon, but became a real war between a popular organization operating within the framework of a rather vaguely defined Communist ideology, and an increasingly military regime operating within an American framework – a military regime, it should be added, that was to suffer a series of rude shocks, the first of which came November 11, 1960, when several parachute units rebelled against Diem. His palace surrounded by the rebels, Diem was saved

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only by the vacillation of the attackers. Although the coup appeared to have no connection with nationalist or pro-Communist guerrilla tactics, the exhibition of defiance by his crack troops was proof of the degree to which Diem's power had been eroded. The revolutionists, therefore, were not slow to draw the appropriate conclusions.

United States intervention soon took a much more direct form, the mythical "adviser" being replaced by the reality of "combatant." In 1961, President Kennedy dispatched four top-level missions to Vietnam: Vice President Lyndon Johnson (April); Professor Eugene Staley (May-June); General Maxwell Taylor and W. W. Rostow (September). The second of these missions was the most important. After lengthy investigation, Professor Staley concluded that an economic policy was not feasible until the South Vietnamese had again been "taken in hand." And so the concept of "strategic hamlets" was developed; the villagers and the peasants would be gathered into fortified units so as to deprive the Viet Cong "fish" of the water in which to swim.

But this attempt to create "a multiple front" against Viet Cong guerrillas broke down in the overpopulated sections of South Vietnam, where the people are so closely bound by tradition, ancestor worship and their social relationships, that any effort to uproot them had a boomerang effect. The Viet Cong loosed an intensive propaganda campaign against these "concentration camps" (the villages were enclosed with barbed wire), thereby gaining new followers. The intensification of American intervention likewise provided new opportunities to denounce the "imperialist" war. And so, in spite of Washington's stepped-up efforts, the first year of its activity (1961) was a fruitful one for the Viet Cong, and in December, it successfully engineered the escape of Nguyen Huu Tho from a camp where he had been interned for three years. He was a Saigon attorney who had been sought out by the Front leaders to become their chairman.

Then, on January 15, 1962, the People's Revolutionary Party was established in the South. Unlike the National Liberation Front, it did not attempt to conceal its Communist affiliations. This movement rapidly became the radical element in the Front. Henceforth, US Ambassador Frederick Nolting said, no one could doubt that the Front was guided by Hanoi. That judgment was not entirely self-evident, since for the past 25 years the Communists in the South had been strong enough to maintain their own organization. Was Mr. Nolting trying to say that a movement of this type would not have been created without the sanction of the North? Hanoi was by no means eager to fully endorse a Communist movement in the South that might fail. Indeed, Hanoi was more interested in controlling the movement than in spurring it on. The formation of the PRP provided Ho Chi Minh with a means for keeping tabs on the Front through a truly militant core.

Various theories have been advanced to explain why this incriminating PRP was established: (a) Peking may have put pressure on Hanoi and the South Vietnamese revolutionaries, demanding that they stand up and show their true colors instead of continuing to wage a struggle in terms of vague ideological objectives; (b) or, on the contrary, the right wing of Asian Communism may have wished to set apart the "moderates" of the Front by providing them with a solid left wing of the Pathet Lao type in Laos. This, in their view, could have opened up to them a path to the "centrist" role assumed by Souvanna Phouma in Laos.

The first of these theories was more plausible to the Americans. On February 8, 1962, a High Command for the Vietnam-Thailand theater was set up under General Paul D. Harkins. The die was cast in favor of outright, direct US intervention.

The National Liberation Front of South Vietnam held its first congress in March, 1962, where it elected Nguyen Huu Tho as president and Professor Nguyen Van Hieu as secretary-general. Hieu is thought of as pro-Chinese; most of the others – including Tran Buu Kim and Huynh Tan Phat – are considered to be close to the Communists, but not their henchmen. One of the five vice presidents is a member of the People's Revolutionary Party. The central committee is supposed to be composed of 55 members, but, significantly, the delegates in March, 1962, decided to reserve 23 seats for persons who might later wish to join.

The platform of the Front was clearly revolutionary on the economic and social front, but in foreign policy it stressed, more than in 1960, the idea of an independent neutral South Vietnam. There was no reference, as in December, 1960, to reunification of the two zones; instead, the emphasis was on the independence of South Vietnam, which would then establish relations with all countries, would accept aid from different political regimes and would seek to "form a peace zone including Laos and Cambodia."

Cautious and Shrewd

Did this mark a turn toward the right? Certainly – or, at least, a welcoming hand to all nationalists. Hanoi, having planted a fifth column in the midst of the Front with the People's Revolutionary Party, was giving the Front every freedom to play its card of "non-commitment," in order to win over the masses more effectively, and above all the intellectuals of Saigon. It was good strategy and it paid off.

The following August the Front went further by publishing a charter for Indochinese neutrality, even

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stating that "an independent and neutral South Vietnam cannot help but be a friend of the United States." This communique specifically said the ultimate destiny of Vietnam remained its unification by stages through negotiations between the two governments of different political complexions.

Thus, in the area of foreign policy, the Viet Cong gave every appearance of caution, and on domestic matters it has shown itself even more shrewd. Sensing the mounting hostility of the Buddhists against discrimination by the Catholic Diem government, the Viet Cong did everything possible to fan the flames of Buddhist resistance.

On November 2, 1963, the brothers Ngo were overthrown and a military junta took over. Two days later, the Front network broadcast that nothing had changed and that US imperialism had found new "valets."

Meanwhile, an evolution was going on within the revolutionary organization, as was attested by an interview accorded Georges Chaffard by a spokesman for the Front, and published in *Le Monde*: "We have waited for aid from the North for a long time," said this guerrilla. "But we prefer to settle our affairs among 'Southerners.' . . . This aid will not be a decisive element in our struggle. . . . We have not fought all these years simply to end up by installing one set of dictators in place of the old. . . . No one in our organization will admit we are dependent on the North. . . ."

"Call, Raise, Draw or Fold?"

Will the Front eventually turn out to be a sort of Algerian FLN – predominantly nationalist and neutralist? There is Chaffard's testimony. On the other hand, several months later in the same paper, Georges Penchenier, who had spent over two weeks as a prisoner of the Viet Cong, described it as having a strong Communist cast.

According to Western calculations, the Front now controls over half the territory of South Vietnam and has over 6,000 highly trained soldiers stationed around the periphery of Saigon; it has 30,000 regulars equipped with modern arms (including recoilless heavy mortars and all types of automatic weapons). It also boasts approximately 120,000 guerrillas whose ranks could be swelled overnight if the Front were so minded.

What do the guerrillas look like? Anyone who has seen the film made recently by the National Liberation Front can attest to the fact that they strongly resemble those Vietnamese peasant forces whom the French Army fought for eight years. They wear the same woven-bamboo hats and shirts or tunics of black homespun. They are very young – most of them under 20. These guerrillas are now increasingly organized into battalion-type units. The strategy has gone beyond the first two stages of revolutionary war (softening up the people, initiating guerrilla warfare), has entered the third phase (formation of large units).

Can we call aid from the North, from Vietnamese to Vietnamese, "foreign" aid? The contention of the Communists, according to which Hanoi is merely an interested spectator, doesn't hold water. Can one really believe that a revolutionary nation could allow the revolt of compatriots separated from it by an artificial demarcation line to be repressed in this manner? Nothing would be more humiliating for the North than this imputation of passivity. What is true, however, is that aid from North Vietnam – appraised by American experts at 5 or 10 percent of the war effort of the Viet Cong – is not decisive. [Editor's note: The latest Pentagon estimate is 15 to 20 percent.] Assuming that it would be possible to erect a barrier between the guerrillas of the South and the Ho Chi Minh trail in Laos (such as the French built in Algeria along the Tunisian frontier), it is scarcely believable that the operations of the Front would be seriously affected thereby. The US Air Force and General Ky can bombard Viet Cong camps north of the 17th parallel – on territory which they have photographed inch by inch – but this will not alter the course of the war. The Viet Cong high command will still be able to recruit the same number of young peasants, and the Saigon army will continue to lose the same amount of arms and ammunition to its enemies.

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Biography and the Narrator

by Leon Edel

In this little book, originally a series of lectures, Paul Murray Kendall attempts to redefine biography in the light of his own practice. An historian who has specialized in 15th Century figures – Richard III, Warwick, Louis XI – he is adept in the writing of lives that involve, as one of his reviewers puts it, "intelligent surmise." In other words, confronted with a handful of documents – odd moments of personal history fortuitously preserved – he has been forced to make biographical bricks with very little straw. The modern biographer knows nothing of this: he is constantly pitchforking straw out of his workshop. Kendall's book thus derives from specific experience, in spite of its all-embracing title; he is unable, from his place in the thin centuries, to grasp the dilemma of those who work in thicker times.

The Art of Biography
by Paul Murray Kendall
(Norton; $4.50)

One consequence of this is that his lectures end by defining the "art" of which he speaks as non-art. For Kendall, biography is "coarse" and "tough." This contrasts vividly with the words used by Lytton Strachey – "delicate" and "humane." Biography, says Kendall, is a "showing" of facts, as if they were things on display under glass in a library. He distinctly does not want it to be a "telling." He conceives of it as a kind of performing art – his definition reads "a simulation, in words, of a man's life, from all that is known about that man" – a kind of mimicry. But to "simulate" we know is "to seek a false resemblance, as through imitation." One readily understands this is all that can be done when historical facts are sparse. Modern biographers, because of their surfeit of material, do not need to simulate. For them certain traditional definitions are more serviceable. Sir Sydney Lee called biography "the truthful transmission of personality"; Sir Edmund Gosse spoke of it in a famous essay as "the faithful portrait of a soul in its adventures through life." One might, if one wished, read the word "psyche" for the word "soul." The simplest definition might be that "a biography is the recounting of a life in narrative prose." But it is precisely on the problem of narration that Kendall departs from some of his fellow craftsmen to espouse the old-fashioned chronicle. He is also singularly rigid in wanting modern biographers, faced say with Roosevelt's papers at Hyde Park, or the voluminous documents of the abbreviated Kennedy era, or Churchill's 90 years, to turn these in effect into chronicle-histories.

Kendall rejects psychology as beyond the capabilities of a biographer. To the argument that a "psychological speculation" is as valid as any other kind, Kendall rejoins "neither sort of speculation is valid for biography." Yet when he describes his own difficulties with historical "gaps," such as the absence of all information about King Richard's years from ten to fifteen, he can discover only what his subject "in all probability" did at a certain place during this time. He is pleased that he filled the gap by describing the place. This however still tells us little about Richard. The *lacuna* remains; and when Kendall says he finally "concluded" that Richard "must have developed his feeling" for this region during this time, we wonder at the "must have," and recognize that Kendall himself speculates. We can only reiterate that a speculation about a person's psyche based on his behavior seems as valid, and perhaps even more valid, than a speculation upon the influence of a given place.

The weakest part of Kendall's book seems to me to be his refusal to accept biography as narrative. He insists that a biographer cannot use narrative modes of fiction without harm to truth. "Biographical time and novelistic time do not mix," Kendall writes thereby showing that he confuses both kinds of time. His argument is that "thematic groupings" of the events of a life distort human chronology; the subject is treated as if it were as "boneless as an oyster"; the materials of the life become "so much mud to be arbitrarily patted into cakes," and the time-dimension of the subject is violated.

But the question at issue is neither biographical time nor human time, but that time which we know as narrative-time. The task of all story-tellers is to make the listener or the reader feel time's passage. To enumerate the facts of a life chronologically, strange as it may seem, achieves an opposite effect: instead of time passing we are shown a miscellany of documents and events, some repetitive, the disordered clutter of existence that requires refashioning into orderly narrative. Leonard Woolf's autobiography offers an illuminating illustration. Had he followed Kendall's prescription, he would have given us a step-by-step account of Virginia Woolf's nervous breakdowns in 1913, 1915, the 1920's, the late 1930's, each pigeon-holed in their proper year. Instead, when he reaches her first breakdown in 1913 he relates her entire medical history, moving forward and backward in time between 1913 and 1941. There is no question that we are thus made to grasp the full heroism of Mrs. Woolf's struggle against the insanity that constantly threatened to engulf her creativity. The impact would have been greatly diluted had we been given the illnesses in their scattered chronological moments among the other events and personages of her life. By this I am not suggesting that the illnesses are not alluded to again in the proper progress of the narrative. Kendall constantly forces his reader in this book to feel that one biographical procedure necessarily excludes another, whereas the

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LEADING CONTENDERS

National Book Awards

The decisions of the judges for the 1965 National Book Awards will be announced in March. Meanwhile, these are among the books by American authors published in the United States during 1964 which the judges regard as among the most distinguished:

FICTION

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS: The Rector of Justin (Houghton Mifflin)
SAUL BELLOW: Herzog (Viking)
JOHN HAWKES: Second Skin (New Directions)
RICHARD E. KIM: The Martyred (Braziller)
WALLACE MARKFIELD: To An Early Grave (Simon & Schuster)
VLADIMIR NABOKOV: The Defense (Putnam)
ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER: Short Friday (Farrar, Straus)
Judges: Richard Gilman, R. W. B. Lewis, Bernard Malamud

POETRY

BEN BELITT: The Enemy Joy (University of Chicago)
JOHN BERRYMAN: 77 Dream Songs (Farrar, Straus)
JAMES DICKEY: Helmets (Wesleyan University)
JEAN GARRIGUE: Country Without Maps (Macmillan)
GALWAY KINNELL: Flower Herding on Mount Monadnock (Houghton Mifflin)
ROBERT LOWELL: For the Union Dead (Farrar, Straus)
WILLIAM MEREDITH: The Wreck of the Thresher (Knopf)
THEODORE ROETHKE: The Far Field (Doubleday)
Judges: Howard Moss, May Swenson, Allen Tate

ARTS AND LETTERS

ERIC BENTLEY: Life of the Drama (Atheneum)
ROBERT BRUSTEIN: The Theatre of Revolt (Atlantic Monthly Press)
ELEANOR CLARK: Oysters of Locmariaquer (Pantheon)
EDWARD DAHLBERG: Because I Was Flesh (New Directions)
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES: O Strange New World (Viking)
RALPH ELLISON: Shadow and Act (Random House)
Judges: Frederick Burkhardt, Richard Ellmann, Francis Steegmuller

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

LOUIS FISCHER: The Life of Lenin (Harper & Row)
OSCAR LEWIS: Pedro Martinez (Random House)
R. R. PALMER: The Age of Democratic Revolution (Princeton University)
WILLIE LEE ROSE: Rehearsal for Reconstruction (Bobbs-Merrill)
ERNEST SAMUELS: Henry Adams (Belknap Press-Harvard)
RICHARD J. WHELAN: The Founding Father (New American Library)
Judges: Roger Butterfield, Alpheus Thomas Mason, Andrew Turnbull

SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

REV. WALTER CISZEK: With God in Russia (McGraw-Hill)
THEODOSIUS DOBZHANSKY: Heredity and the Nature of Man (Harcourt, Brace)
DAVID HAWKINS: The Language of Nature (W. H. Freeman & Co.)
REV. JOHN COURTNEY MURRAY: The Problem of God (Yale University)
WALTER SULLIVAN: We Are Not Alone (McGraw-Hill)
NORBERT WIENER: God and Golem, inc. (M.I.T. Press)
Judges: Rev. Harold C. Gardiner, Gerard Piel, Morton White

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association. The awards consist of five $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers' Institute.

Watch for announcement of the winners — Tuesday, March 9

modern biographer does not hesitate to use both.

What is involved is an essential sorting and arranging of the story and I do not see how such a procedure renders the subject "boneless." It is a way of working, like a sculptor who needs a frame on which to shape his clay. But of course Kendall has so little clay that he cannot, in his type of biography, use this kind of narrative. He must write the life of Louis XI admitting that he knows nothing about the king before his thirteenth year. I think it much wiser for the biographer to confess this, rather than to try to work up a factitious background. An introductory picture of the time, such as David Cecil gives us in his *Melbourne*, is perhaps the only useful course, as well as the only kind of verisimilitude possible.

The expository portions of Kendall's book are an abbreviated lecture-view of biography in antiquity, the Middle Ages, the 15th Century, and English biography since the Elizabethan era. It is in his final pages that Kendall has his quarrel with these ideas which have had currency since Strachey. He scorns what he calls the "superbiography" without recognizing that it derives from super-archives, and that even with extraordinary melting down is still bound to be larger than many old biographies. He does not seem to grasp the supreme fact that the modern biographer's constant struggle is against the irrelevant – so "relevant" does every scrap seem to the historian in the dim centuries. He joins Maurois in opposing the foreshadowing of events. He would have his readers pretend, when they pick up a life of Napoleon, that they have never heard of the man. It does not seem to occur to him that a reader's grasp, in depth, of certain events is sometimes increased by anticipations. The "art" of biography resides precisely in an arrangement of factual material so that truth is enhanced.

On the subject of literary biography, that is the writing of lives of writers, Kendall is completely out of his element. He seems to have read few literary biographies and he is not conversant with the critical terminology or the difficult questions of the relations between a writer's imagination and his life. The biographies he commends are

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mostly historical; and he seems unaware of the whole movement in America of which Van Wyck Brooks was the center.

The curious thing about these lectures is that after pages of vehement argument Kendall throws his "conjunction of science and literature" to the winds. He reverts to a mystique of biography, and one feels sympathy with him, for at the last, sentience triumphs over intellect. When he stands on the ground where Louis stood, he is trying to think and feel like an artist, and he cultivates this sense of the past.

> "Philippe de Commynes describes the ground as it looked before the battle – fields of wheat and beans shimmering under a bitter July sun – and then the after-battle scene of dust-clouds hanging in the torrid air, dead men and horses strewn in farrows, the green-and-gold grain now smashed into the earth. On just such a July day I first climbed the ridge of Montlhéry to gaze at the countryside below – and there stood the fields of wheat and beans shimmering in the sun. . . . Perhaps I am deceived in thinking that what then happened to me was more than a *frisson*, a literary thrill. I can but report that I felt a shock of recognition."

This of course tells us little about the battle Louis fought, but it tells us a great deal about Kendall as historian. Seeing the field helped him to learn, he says, "the probable movement of the armies." No doubt it did. We look again, however, at that word "probably" and wonder that the man willing to use this word should have written this book: he displays in his peroration that empathy, omniscience and liberty of conjecture which in his preceding pages he has sought to banish from the craft and the art of biography.

A Poetry of Commonplaces

by Joseph L. Featherstone

Ten years have gone by since the publication of Philip Larkin's little collection of poems, *The Less Deceived*. Now he has issued another small book, *The Whitsun Weddings*. It was worth waiting for.

Larkin's is a poetry of commonplaces, rendered in language all his own, a unique blend of the homely and the cosmopolitan. In a general way, as he says, his name has been associated with those of other English writers like Kingsley Amis and John Wain. They share a cocky, bitter lyricism; they cast a cold eye on the humbugs still presiding over large areas of British life. As artists, they favor conventional forms, and they have a conservative distrust of the sort of experimenting with form which was so popular when they were growing up. (Larkin was born in 1922.)

The Whitsun Weddings
by Philip Larkin
(Random House; $4)

Larkin says that "content is everything," and it is true that a prosy quality makes certain of his poems read like essays. But he cares enough about form to be extremely fastidious in his choice of words and sounds; much unobtrusive art goes into his plain cadences and simple rhythms. He is especially good at gathering up the substance of a seemingly slow-paced poem and concentrating it into enormously powerful last lines, lines that echo after they are read. The title poem in *The Less Deceived* comes to its conclusion with the rapist in a tenement slum stumbling

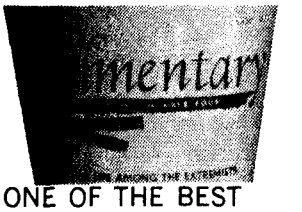
> . . . Up the breathless stair
> To burst into fulfillment's desolate attic.

In this new collection, two stone figures holding hands over "An Arundel Tomb" seem at last to prove

> Our almost-instinct almost true:
> What will survive of us is love.

One of Larkin's masks in *The Less De-*

FOR LIVELY MINDS



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ceived was the sad face of a clown: now, after ten years, the joy is thinner, the gloom thicker, the clown has gone. So have the love poems. *The Whitsun Weddings* is more serious in every respect. In style and subject, though, Larkin continues to play variations on themes he has already established. His repertoire is still full of elegies for the frail, shining moment. He has some of Thomas Hardy's sense that a hail of occurrences is clobbering life out of shape, and the conviction that from this sad truth you can make poetry, a poetry of regrets. In "Love Songs in Age," the widow thinks lamely of that

> . . . Words at once true and kind
> Or not untrue and not unkind . . .
> Much-mentioned brilliance, love . . .

It is a poetry of separation, of connections never made and words never found in time: in "Talking in Bed," the lovers have a difficult time discovering

> Still promising to solve, and satisfy
> And set unchangeably in order.

The title poem, like many of his pieces, establishes a point of view, records with great immediacy what is seen from the point of view, and then offers a reflection – meditation would perhaps be too pretentious a word – on the encounter. In this case, the point of view is the poet's as he watches the landscape from a train window:

> The river's level drifting breadth
> began
> Where sky and Lincolnshire and
> water meet.

He sees wedding parties in the local stations – the uncles "shouting smut," the women sharing the secret "like a happy funeral," the unmarried girls left standing on the platform who, "gripping their handbags tighter stared/ At a religious wounding." He wonders if any of the couples think of "how their lives would all contain this hour." And then it is nearly over; this frail

> . . . Traveling coincidence; and what
> it held
> Stood ready to be loosed with all
> the power
> That being changed can give. We
> slowed again,
> And as the tightened brakes took
> hold, there swelled
> A sense of falling, like an arrow-
> shower
> Sent out of sight, somewhere becoming rain.

It seems to be more a wish than it is an expectation.

Elsewhere, Larkin assures in exact terms that truth is a "trite, untransferable truss-advertisement," that life is boredom or doing a toad's work:

> Give me your arm old toad;
> Help me down Cemetery Road.

If you marry, you suffer poor Arnold's henpecked fate in the uncharacteristically patronizing poem "Self's the Man." If you stay single, you may end up like "Mr. Bleaney," shivering and alone in his sleazy bed-sitter – possibly reflecting on the thought that "how we live measures our nature."

Life is not simply bleak; it is terrifying. Underneath everyday things –

> The children strewn on steps or road,
> Or women coming from the shops
> Past smells of different dinners . . .

lies panic and horror. In the superb "The Ambulance," the watchers stare.

> And sense the solving emptiness
> That lies just under all we do,
> And for a second get it whole,
> So permanent and blank and true.

The losses are so crushing and the senses so open to the insults of reality that it seems remarkable for Larkin to be able to pull himself together to write the next poem. Yet he is never really off-balance. There is terror in the commonplace, but Larkin also seems to find, here and there, wisps of the immanent. At any rate, he clings to the ordinary and draws strength from it. Perhaps, too, he really does have faith "in the power that being changed can give."

It is plain that his sturdy talent is rooted in a fairly delicate set of sensi-

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Leon Edel, *a professor at New York University, received the Pulitzer Prize for the newest volumes of his biography of Henry James.* Joseph L. Featherstone *is a Harvard graduate student.* John Paton Davies, *formerly a career diplomat, subsequently a businessman in Peru, has recently returned to the US as a journalist.*

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bilities. These give a peculiar moral and physical energy to his perceptions. He can make your flesh crawl in a way that few writers since George Orwell have been able to do: the girl on the travel poster in "Sunny Prestatyn" is horrifyingly mangled and defaced. But there are some failures in the poems in this collection, and many of them seem to be instances where Larkin has permitted his essential sadness and sensitivity to turn into squeamishness, a lot of English hand-wringing over some obvious modern facts. He is capable of becoming complacent about his disgust.

Still, the failures are few, and there are five or six unforgettable poems in this brilliant little book. One of my favorites is the compassionate "Faith Healing," in which an American healer tends his flock, asking what's wrong, and praying over them: each dwells in his "warm spring rain of loving care," a moment and then is turned away:

. . . then, exiled
Like losing thoughts, they go in silence; some
Sheepishly stray, not back into their lives
Just yet; but some stay stiff, twitching and loud
With deep hoarse tears, as if a kind of dumb
And idiot child within them still survives
To re-awake at kindness, thinking a voice
At last calls them alone, that hands have come
To lift and lighten; and such joy arrives
Their thick tongues blort, their eyes squeeze grief, a crowd
Of huge unheard answers jam and rejoice –

What's wrong! Moustached in flowered frocks they shake:
By now all's wrong. In everyone there sleeps
A sense of life lived according to love.
To some it means the difference they could make
By loving others, but across most it sweeps
As all they might have done had they been loved.
That nothing cures.

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Do-It-Yourself with International Tensions

by John Paton Davies, Jr.

As a carpenter just up from Peru, all I can say is, "Thank God for Arnold Wolfers."

After my arrival in Washington last fall I trustingly agreed to review *Changing East-West Relations and the Unity of the West.* The book came – nine essays: four by Americans, two by Britons, one by a German, one by a Frenchman and one by a Swiss. As I examined the material, I came to puzzle over how it might be put together. What lay spread out before me seemed to be a do-it-yourself kit in international affairs. There they were, all nine pieces, each expertly executed, each highly individualistic, but could they be fitted together in a pattern? I was baffled.

Changing East-West Relations
by Arnold Wolfers
(Johns Hopkins; $6)

In desperation, I broke all customary rules and read the preface, signed Arnold Wolfers. There were the instructions for assembling the kit. I could do-it-myself, with Dr. Wolfers pointing out the process, step by step.

But before any of this joinery, there's another point.

In furniture designing and making, I had found that an accurate judgment of a new model could not be formed immediately after the piece was finished. On initial review, it might be pleasing to the eye, conform to all of the established requirements of sound construction and appear to fulfill a function. But it hadn't undergone an environmental test; it hadn't been lived with and used in changing situations. After such tests, I have always had to revise first judgments.

To *Changing East-West Relations* I applied the environmental test. It has been around the house for months. And I must say that it has withstood this abuse remarkably well. The world environment has undergone changes since the essays were written, nearly a year ago. I can think of more pretentious volumes that have not survived nearly so well the ordeal of being lived with and looked at.

Whatever their angle of vision, the nine authors have taken the scholarly long view. So I am not troubled that Khrushchev is referred to as in command of Soviet policy and that the announced central theme is the apparent détente in East-West relations that was generally observed in 1964. The comments on Khrushchev are at least essential background and often relevant to the current situation.

As for détente, which is argued pro and con, it always exists, at least implicitly, in any power struggle and can be finally eliminated only by (a) peaceful disposal of the causes of tension, a resolution of the power struggle, or (b) mutual unconditional surrender, blow-up. So, we're likely to have the issue of détente around for a long, long time.

Although Dr. Wolfers used the détente theme as the key to assembling the essays, the range of comment includes also the split between Moscow and Peking, the Central European problem, particularly Germany, de Gaulle's design for Europe and the West, and the future of the North Atlantic Alliance. The discussion by the authors is highly informed and perceptive, to be read reflectively, taking one's time. But for anyone deeply concerned about the state of the world and in what direction we may be moving, the time will have been well spent.

Now, to assemble these essays after the Wolfers formula. The first two take opposing positions on the question, is relaxation of East-West tension a good thing for us? The affirmative is upheld by Kenneth Younger, the former British Labour Party politician, now Director of the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

In essence, his position is that the alternatives to détente hold, at best, little or no promise of anything constructive. "The means, short of war, for weakening an area which covers half the world are so limited as to seem almost negligible as an instrument of victory." Another alternative would be "to refuse discussions with the East on the grounds that no progress toward agreement is possible . . . to glare silently at the other side across an Iron Curtain. . . . If, as is often argued, a policy of détente produces few results, this alternative, surely, is calculated to produce none at all."

For Younger, a policy of relaxation would be, in capsule, "over a long period, to encourage the sort of political and social evolution within the Communist bloc which would make eventual agreement possible to contemplate. . . ." This, one would think, is just about what the American Government seeks in its relations with the USSR, if not yet with China.

The sagacious, erudite and witty Charles Burton Marshall chooses his ground carefully before attacking the idea of détente. He defines what a relaxation of tensions means to him:

> "A cumulative process abating confrontation and contest, making intractable issues tractable by lowering their gravity, and finally rechanneling the flow of events from distrust to confidence and from confliction to compatibility."

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pear more purposeful, a form of wilful gullibility, than what most American advocates of détente, I should think, have in mind – that as the adversary appears to offer the opportunity, we explore tentatively and skeptically whether there are grounds for agreement or cooperation, and if so, whether such understanding is, on the whole, worth achieving.

Be that as it may, Marshall concludes that for the North Atlantic Alliance the urge for détente is disintegrative:

> "The danger is that of impairing the Alliance, even dismantling it, by premature and ill-considered gestures toward détente. The outcome is all too likely to be loss of the Alliance without gain of a settlement."

Richard Lowenthal, an authority on Soviet affairs at the Free University of West Berlin, discusses the Sino-Soviet dispute in relation to the West. He suggests that the Peking-Moscow split was more a result than a cause of the Soviet interest in a relaxation of tensions with the West.

On the mysterious subject of internal Soviet developments, where clues to Soviet behavior more often lie than in foreign affairs, Lowenthal observes:

> "Pressure toward a devaluation of the ideological as compared with the material tasks is inherent in the present stage of development of Soviet society, and the more the party tries to resist this pressure and to cling to its traditional ideological legitimation, the more it risks to be isolated from the living forces of society and to find its position weakened in the next succession crisis. The conflict with China, following on the blows that the de-Stalinization and the Hungarian revolution inflicted on the Party's authority, must have further weakened the former unquestioning faith in Communism as a world-wide doctrine among the intellectual and administrative elites of the Soviet Union, and must have raised wide-spread doubts about the continued relevance of that doctrine for the greatness of Russia . . . the long-run effect of the Sino-Soviet schism is likely to weaken the Soviet regime's drive for world-wide expansion and its sense of permanent conflict with the non-Communist world, and to push it into the direction of more nearly 'normal,' i.e., more limited and national, power politics."

Harold C. Hinton of the Institute for Defense Analyses takes up the Chinese aspect of the split as it affects the West. He doubts that the dispute is really a good break for the West. It increases Chinese national and revolutionary militancy and makes it nearly impossible for Moscow to restrain Peking.

The risks of détente for Central Europe are discussed by the German commentator, Alfons Dalma. He concludes that détente raised the internal tensions of the Western Alliance, dulled the sense of danger from the East and the need of preparedness, introduced the false choice of Washington or Paris, revived the idea of disengagement, and reawakened in Germany the dichotomy of western alliance and reunification through collaboration with the East.

James E. King, Jr., of the Institute for Defense Analyses, once a practitioner and now a sympathetically stern monitor of politico-military affairs, looks at the American-Soviet confrontation in Germany with concern – "a flawed military deadlock which has in it the potentiality of action initiated by one side or the other regardless of the predictably disastrous consequence to both." A more durable and reliable alternative to the present incendiary and unnatural heritage must be devised. He cannot see how "the United States can be expected deliberately to perpetuate the Cold War for the sake of the German status quo." So he cautiously outlines substitutes for the defense of Central Europe and the present political dispensation for Germany.

An exposition of de Gaulle's designs for Europe and the West falls to Jean-Baptiste Duroselle of the Sorbonne. "We may consider the key of the Gaullist system," he says

> ". . . to be the conviction that *nations will outlive ideologies*. The necessary corollary to this conviction is

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that a policy must strive to weaken ideologies rather than to attack them directly . . . the idea of a real *rapprochement* of the East and West is basic to the General's concept of the melting-away of ideologies. On the contrary, however, de Gaulle might be unequivocally opposed to such a *rapprochement* if it takes the form of a *USSR-United States understanding* rather than an *East-West understanding*."

Jacques Freymond, Director of the Graduate Institute of International Studies, Geneva, looks into prospects and designs for the West. Describing the period out of which he hopefully feels we are all emerging, he says:

"The increasing militarization of political thought, the ever more marked tendency in the West to constrain changing reality within models and theories, brought about an unsuspected intellectual impoverishment, a dulling of sensibilities, a decline in the intuitive facilities so essential to the practice of the political art."

Looking into the future, one possibility that Freymond envisages is that

". . . lacking the power to act on the decision to resort to atomic arms, European states will become oriented toward formulas of disengagement or denuclearization intended to prevent their American ally as well as the enemy from using the arms in which they mean to maintain a monopoly."

And in a larger context, Freymond observes,

". . . European unity will not come about through the imposition of a political system previously elaborated by a few specialists in constitutional law. It will come about through a convergence of interests. If a nation of Europe is to become a reality, it must be open to all possible candidates . . . also to East European nations."

In the final paper, the future of the Alliance is examined by Laurence W. Martin of Johns Hopkins' School of Advanced International Studies. He warns against the naively schematic approach to the vague idea of a Greater Europe and American association with it, which has been an embarassingly conspicuous expression of American policy for a decade and a half. He concludes that it would be more realistic to "work toward *ad hoc* functional systems – some military, some economic, some tight, some loose." This makes sense.

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FILMS

Nailing Him Up Again

Sometimes I am more relieved than at other times that I am not a Christian; these occasions include the experience of most films about Jesus. I was again glad of my graceless state, which freed me from at least one kind of offense, all through the latest, longest, most lavish solecism, *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. A sociologist might find an interesting correlation between a decline in religious influence and the increase in religious films. Possibly it is no coincidence that recent years, which are festooned with such ethical garlands as Bobby Baker's doings and mass cheating at the Air Force Academy, have seen large audiences flocking to *The Ten Commandments, Ben Hur, King of Kings*. One emptiness recognizes another.

The Greatest Story Ever Told
(United Artists)

Many years and, of course, many millions went into this latest opus. George Stevens, "in creative association with Carl Sandburg," produced and directed and was co-author of the screenplay. In my view Stevens is the most overrated craftsman in American film history, but some of his pictures have been competent entertainments – *Shane*, for example. No more than three minutes of this new film have elapsed before we suspect that Stevens' name and fame have been purchased by the Hallmark Greeting Card Company and that what we are looking at is really a lengthy catalogue of Christmas cards for 1965 – for those Who Care Enough to Send the Very Best. All the side-lighting (dawn or sunset), back-lighting (halo effects), picturesque groupings, and soda fountain colors seem inspired by the soggiest 19th-Century religious chromos; any self-respecting Victorian household would have been proud, sir, to hang any still from this film in its parlor.

To suit the syrup-dimmed eye that envisioned this film, the pace is funereal (this is taken to be synonymous with "religious"), the acting is generally adenoidal and sententious. Most of these characters seem well aware that they are in the Greatest Story. Here, we feel, is a Baptist with a nice camera sense, a Pilate who washes his hands because the Gospels record it and he must fulfill the prescription.

There are two exceptions to the generally bad acting. One is Claude Rains as the sick old Herod who slaughters the innocents. His part is small. The other is Max von Sydow, the Swedish

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[Don't brush this off as mere fantasy. It is more within the range of possibility than *Hamlet's* possessing any emotional significance a hundred centuries from now.]

Millions of Years are as Nothing to these Critics

"and the spontaneous delight that everyone feels before the Parthenon sculptures will last as long as the human race rejoices in the name of man."

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"Language greatly used has all the sanction of a sacrament: the race is as incapable of forgetting a great poem as it is of losing its last wish under the stars."

"No words that man can any more set side by side can ever affect the mind again like some of the great passages of Homer."

"The highest point that poetry has ever reached or ever can reach," said of an excerpt from Dante.

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If you find it hard to believe that sane men can enunciate these absurdities (all by famous critics; names on request) it's only that they have inherited the malpractice from previous generations, and don't know how to get out of it.

Many of the critics are quite aware, for instance, that the "Parthenon Sculptures" have been a bore for a hundred years, now; hardly deserving so much as a side-glance for the thimbleful of "spontaneous delight" derivable from them. They can't say so, however, for fear of destroying their own prestige and authority. Don't let yourself become callous to nonsensicalities such as these. Until you express your resentment you'll get no relief.

This does not mean that you deny that experts may know more about art than you do. It means that you deny them the right to use that knowledge to brainwash you instead of to instruct you.

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It's the accident of what men possessing what talents arrive on earth, in what quantities and at what times, that usually decides which art works are considered "great," and not the qualities in the art works themselves. A sudden surge of "Type A" men, all possessing a special skill in creating (or in understanding) Type A art, will soon reduce that type of art to mediocrity no matter how superior it had previously been considered.

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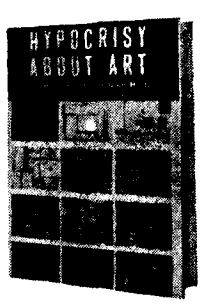

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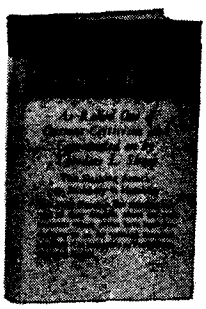

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actor who has been seen here in several Bergman films. His part is large. (Jesus.) Von Sydow has a beautiful face and voice, with just sufficient tinge of foreign accent in his speech to set him apart nicely from the commonplace. He has brought all the freshening force of imagination and talent at his command to the dreadful task of playing Jesus, but he cannot overcome the handicaps of the picture's pace, the bad dramaturgy, the vulgar colors and compositions. Nevertheless, the only moments that come close to the true power of the story are von Sydow's speaking of a few lines here and there: "I am the Resurrection and the Life," or the Seven Last Words, which suggest the melancholy caverns of Haydn's music on the subject.

Music. There is some *religioso* sobbing and tootling from the studio-pen of Alfred Newman, with assistance – although Maestro Newman does not share the credit – from Handel (*Hallelujah Chorus*) and Verdi (*Requiem*). Speaking of collaboration, let us note that the screenplay is based on both Testaments (Revised Standard Version, not King James), plus a book by Fulton Oursler and "other writings by Henry Denker." Probably it is from the latter sages, rather than the former, that this picture derives its tone of being all things to all men. As Dwight Macdonald pointed out about an earlier film crucifixion of the Christ story, it is impossible to tell here that Caiaphas and the Sanhedrin were Jews.

The film runs (if that is the word) four hours, plus intermission, and in the large cast are many famous actors, some of whom play very small parts. This leads to a sport we may call "actor-spotting" – recognizing the actor or actress who may be speeding past in wig and costume with only a few lines. There is nothing wrong with this sport except that, particularly for the quick small roles, producers ought to pick actors without the letter "s" in their names. When John the Baptist first appears, "Charlton Heston" gets whispered all through the theatre; or in smaller parts, it's "Sal Mineo" or "Shelley Winters" or "Donald Pleasence." The effect is like a thousand simultaneous gas leaks. I prefer the effect when John Wayne walks through, as a centurion, and the audience murmurs *his* name – without an "s" – a large moan, like a dinosaur giving birth.

Since much fuss has been made about the location shooting for this film (in John Ford's Utah country), I must emphasize that I have rarely seen so many patently phony process shots in one picture: bad attempts to match painted backgrounds with real locations. Even at the technical level, the film is far from first class.

At last year's Venice Festival we were shown *The Gospel According to Saint Matthew*, made by the Communist poet and film-director Pier Paolo Pasolini. I hope very much that this "cinema-verité" version of the story is brought here. Whatever its shortcomings, it is a film made for the reason that makes any art-work on this subject valid: love for Jesus as man or Man. This elephantine Stevens bore is just one more corporate enterprise, with a ledger that has a long entry in the debit column and is now hoping to balance its books. If there is a hell, surely it is not for us humble, harmless atheists but for the merchandising Christians like George Stevens and his "creative associate" Carl Sandburg.

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Correspondence

Job Corps – What Boys Will It Take?

Sirs:

From surprisingly inaccurate information about the Job Corps, Patrick Anderson ("Job Corps – What Boys Will It Take," Feb. 20) has not surprisingly drawn erroneous and damaging conclusions about its admission standards.

Section III of the Job Corps Screening Handbook, which can be studied by Mr. Anderson or anyone else, states that applicants must possess four or more of the following characteristics:

(1) Family lives in substandard housing.
(2) Family suffers from very poor nutrition.
(3) Parent has a serious physical or mental health condition.
(4) Place where he or she lives is included in an area currently designated eligible for assistance under the Area Redevelopment Act (ARA).
(5) Primary wage earner in family is unemployed or severely underemployed.
(6) Family receives public assistance.
(7) Living facilities are overcrowded.
(8) Father or father substitute missing from the home.
(9) Both parents have less than an 8th grade education, or cannot read and write in English (or Spanish, for a Puerto Rican resident).
(10) Jobs held by parents have been largely unskilled.
(11) Adult family members are sharecroppers or migratory or seasonal farm workers, or the inquirer is a rural immigrant from an urban area.
(12) Inquirer has shifted residence several times during the past year.
(13) Inquirer has not lived with his own parent(s) for more than five consecutive years out of the past ten.
(14-A) (For Females Only) Inquirer

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is or has been an unwed mother.

(14-B) (For Males Only) Applicant is a Selective Service rejectee.

These were our criteria before any Job Corpsmen were assigned to centers. Now that assignment has begun, we find they are working well. Most of the first thirty young men to arrive at the Catoctin Conservation Center in Maryland were poor, by ours or any standard. On a very cold winter day, many of them had no winter coat; almost all found medical care, their own bed, and full meals a welcome luxury.

"Promise of success" to us means the desire and capacity both to leave home for a year, and to work and study hard in order to find and keep a job. We believe young men with this much promise cover a wide rather than an "absurdly narrow" range. This range includes youths who have been convicted of crimes, but have not shown a consistent pattern of criminal behavior.

Mr. Anderson is also incorrect in implying that the Job Corps is having difficulty finding locations for its centers. 71 centers have already been announced. In only a handful of communities near these centers, or near others as yet unannounced, have a few extremists been successful in creating an atmosphere of distrust for the Job Corps. In the rest, it has been warmly received, by Northerners as well as Southerners, by people in rural as well as urban places.

Patrick Healy
Director, Community Relations
Job Corps

I know the unfortunate answer to Patrick Anderson's piece in the Februrary 20 issue: the cream of the crop.

Eleven of the first 40 recruits nationally for the corps came from here – Letcher County, Kentucky, the capital of Appalachian poverty. It was my personal observation, reinforced by checks with school principals and other qualified observers, that the eleven were handpicked; those who scored the highest on tests and almost coincidentally those who had the best chance of finding their own solutions to mountain poverty. Left untouched in admissions were the real problem boys.

Tests were given locally. Test papers were sent to Job Corps officers in Washington and the selection was made there. I have tried unsuccessfully to determine how many boys were tested, but the Job Corps recruiting office is just around the corner from my own and my observation has been that only one in 10 applicants has been chosen, if that many.

And sure enough, *Life* photographers were here for pictures, to be followed up by pictures of the youth at Camp Catoctin. Or maybe it was *Look* – my information isn't certain which – and it may have been both.

Tom Gish, Editor
The Mountain Eagle
Whitesburg, Kentucky

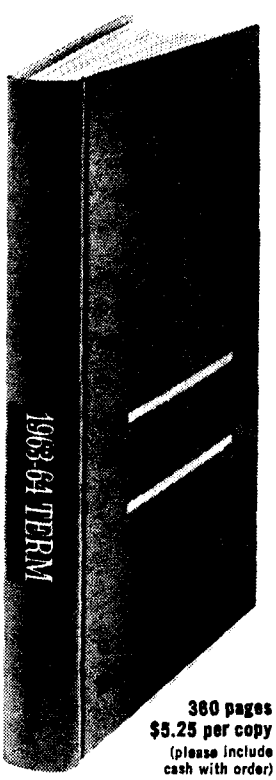
What the AMA Really Fears

Sirs:

"What the AMA Really Fears by William P. Keim (February 13) hits the button on the nose. "A form of national health insurance" is precisely what the AMA fears.

Mr. Keim feels that such a form of insurance is desirable, and that it would cost him less than his medical care costs now. He mentions a cost of $500 a year for his "normally healthy family" in our present system, and contrasts this with the $130 a year in Britain. Either Mr. Keim exaggerates the cost, or his family is not "normally healthy." In my own private practice, I care for perhaps 1,000 families; there is not a handful of these that ever have medical expenses of $500 a year. I am sure that on the average a family's dental expenses and automobile expenses, for example, are greater.

What does the $130 a year buy in Britain? It buys the services of an overworked general practitioner. He is overworked because in order to make a living he must have thousands of clients in his care (he gets paid by the government a salary which is proportional to his patient load). In this morning's newspaper, there is a report that the British doctors are unhappy with their present income, which has recently been raised to an average of $168 a week. From my own personal experience, I know that patients do not



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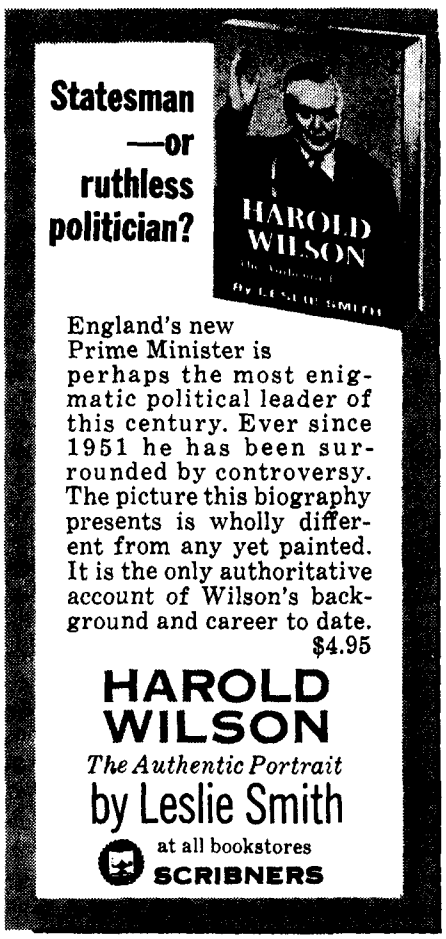
get expert, thoughtful care when the doctor has to see many patients. In this country, too, doctors can make money by seeing too many patients, and some do. But there the conscientious doctor is not *required* to do so, in order to obtain a living. As in other things, one usually gets what one pays for. On the other hand, if we really want impersonal, hurried medical service, national insurance is an answer. . . .

To my mind, the financial burden of medical care occurs unbearably in two situations: (1) those relatively rare instances of catastrophic illness requiring prolonged hospital-type care and (2) the more common chronic illnesses of the elderly, where a steady financial drain must be borne over a long period of time. Surely national health insurance is not the only or the best solution to these problems.

Mr. Keim's diatribe ends in a peroration against "any scheme of getting tax money to private insurance companies or to the Blue Cross," because these are "probably . . . under the control of the doctors." (This is not true.) He would substitute a whole new costly bureaucracy. From my current experience with the administration of the Kerr-Mills bill in California, what happens is that the total medical care costs remain about as they would have been, but the doctor gets less money, the patient gets (therefore) less of his time, and the middle man (those that process all the forms and "authorize" what procedures and medications are allowable) get the difference. This does not seem to me to be what is best for the patient or for the doctor or for the taxpayer. Government-subsidized nonprofit insurance would not add to the vast bureaucratic superstructure of King-Anderson and might be the answer.

David G. Covell, MD
Pasadena, Calif.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As a subscriber to *The New Republic* for the last three years, I was most disappointed to read "What the AMA Really Fears" (February 13). Since when does an English teacher who spends a year in Scotland become an expert on the medical care in that country? His wife's undergoing surgery scarcely makes him unique and certainly gives him no special knowledge about medicine. For example, what could he possibly know about the training of doctors under the British system? I am for Medicare and I am not enamored with the AMA, but my views were not enlarged by Mr. Keim's article. He may be convinced "that the only freedom lost under National Health is the freedom of doctors and dentists to charge all that the traffic will bear." I am not. Surely *The New Republic* can find qualified people, as it has so many times in the past, to write articles on medicine and can let English teachers express their medical views in Correspondence.

J. A. Stanley, MD
Watertown, Mass.

William P. Keim's bitter denunciations of the American medical profession must be answered, the most scurrilous being the implication that American physicians covet gold to the exclusion of other more humane considerations. It is strange that in this country, where making a profit is paramount and in fact vital to our way of life, the physician is begrudged his attempts to make a living. After long years of training and many sacrifices, financial and otherwise, that he and his family must endure, he is finally able to put his dedication and skill to work for him, only to be condemned because he is money-hungry.

It may interest Mr. Keim and others that in the last fifteen years, government figures show that medical costs have risen the *least* of all the necessities and ordinary luxuries of life in the United States. Hospital costs have indeed skyrocketed but are in no way associated with physicians' fees.

I too have lived in England and have heard several general practitioners complain that they are overworked and underpaid. Thus two-thirds of graduating British physicians leave the country. Those remaining have recently been urged by the British Medical Association to boycott the National Health Service, in light of the government's absurdly tiny raise to their already inadequate income.

Finally, the AMA does not oppose health care for the aged but proposes that the private sector administer what the government would only do more inefficiently and expensively.

Barry D. Galman, MD
Palo Alto, California

Keim's article is a miscreation constructed of considerable personal bias and a smattering of knowledge, sketched with an all-knowing mediocrity. Fulbright exchange teachers should demand more subject research, veritability and validity even from their students.

William R. Starr, MD
Campbell, Calif.

Problems of Immigration

Sirs:

I commend TRB's pot-shot try at not being "prejudiced against the Administration's liberalized immigration law" (February 20).

However, TRB scores a near miss when he alleges that the Administration's proposed amendments to the Immigration and Nationality Act, familiarly known as the Walter-McCarran bill, "would let more people in at a time when millions are already unemployed." This is misleading. I quote Attorney General Katzenbach who presented the best available current esti-

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mates on this subject in his testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on Immigration on February 10th:

> "In response to such concern, let me state our conclusion that the overall effect of this bill on employment would, first of all, be negligible, and second, that such effect as might be felt would not be harmful, but beneficial.
>
> "The actual net increase in total immigration under this bill would be about 60,000 [annually]. Of this total, all would be consumers but only about a third would be workers. The rest would be wives, children, and elderly parents. Since the ratio of consumers to workers is somewhat higher than our present ratio, the net effect would be to *create* rather than absorb jobs.
>
> "Those immigrants who *would* seek employment is estimated at a maximum of 24,000. Our present labor force, however, is 77 million. Statistically or practically, we are talking about an infinitesimal amount; 24,000 is about three one-hundredths of one percent of 77 million.
>
> "And finally, a good part of even these 24,000 additional workers would not even be competitors for jobs held or needed by Americans. More than a fifth would come here precisely because they possess the kinds of skills and talents that are in short supply here and are especially advantageous to our country."

Secondly, TRB is off base in his implication that we would "suck in" professionals whose skills are needed in their home countries. His subliminal suggestion here is that the immigration statutes would be administered as a recruitment or talent scout program. The suggestion has no merit for the simple reason that the United States Government is not in the business of making a decision *for* an alien to leave his own country and come to ours. The alien makes that decision. The Administration is saying by the proposed amendments (embodied in S 500 and HR 2580 now before the Congress) that IF you, the alien, have decided you want to settle in the United States and if you qualify you would be welcome on a first-come, first-served basis within the given preference categories.

Preference categories have been a feature of our Immigration and Nationality Act since 1924. They are fundamental to a sound, selective immigration process and we do not propose to abandon them. We do propose to do away with their superstructure, the national origins quota system.

Which brings me to TRB's sleight-of-hand "discrimination" charge. I detect that the precise word he is searching for is *selection* in that the established preference categories do and will continue to permit us to admit those whose skills and capabilities benefit the United States and/or help those US citizens and resident aliens to be reunited with their separated families.

Under the present law, this selection process is limited by the national origins quota system which first asks of the alien, "Where were you born?" The Administration means to abolish this feature of the present law, over a five-year transition period, because it *is* discriminatory to base admission on national, ethnic or geographic considerations. We judge ourselves on the basis of industry, intelligence and integrity and S 500 and HR 2580 propose that immigration should be based on the same criteria. Security and other qualitative provisions remain unchanged.

TRB hints in a sideways fashion that an uncountable number of people could become eligible to enter this country because "many immigrants have scores of relatives at home." The preference categories as contained in existing law and in the proposed legis-

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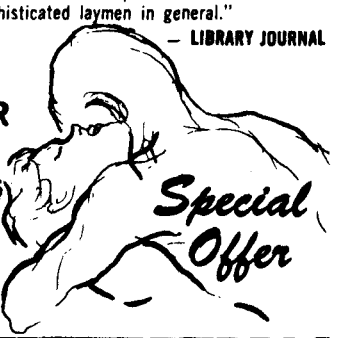

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lation primarily embrace members of the immediate family, except for parents who would be granted non-quota status.

TRB's comments leave the reader with the unfortunate impression that if imaginary gates were opened, the width of which stretched from Miami to Bangor or from San Diego to Seattle, they would not be wide enough to accommodate all those who qualify for entry into the United States. Our best estimates indicate that an additional 60,000 immigrants would enter the US annually under the proposed non-discriminatory legislation.

In summary, we are not proposing an omnibus bill. We seek to remove ancestry as a factor in immigration policy, to offer admission to qualified immigrants – worldwide without regard to national origin – on a first-come, first-served basis within statutory preferences and to continue substantially the pattern of general immigration as it has evolved during recent years.

Abba P. Schwartz
Washington, D. C.

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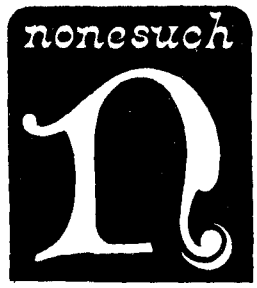

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